

THE
NEW ENGLISH DRAMA,

WITH
PREFATORY REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND NOTES,
Critical and Explanatory ;

BEING THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE
STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

As Performed

At the Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, COMEDIAN.

VOLUME FIFTEENTH.

CONTAINING

BLUE DEVILS.—HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.
MIDAS.—SPOILED CHILD.—BON TON.—THE LIAR.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREET;
AND C. CHAPPEL, 59, PALL-MALL.

1823.

Printed by the Press of W. Osberry
at No. 23, White-hart Yard.

Orberry's Edition.

BLUE DEVILS;

A FARCE,

By George Colman, Esq.

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Remarks.

BLUE DEVILS.

To soothe the wounded pride of an unsuccessful dramatist, self-love and vanity are ever ready to suggest other reasons for his ill-fortune, than any want of merit in himself. The duplicity of managers, the remissness of actors, the venality of critics, and the capriciousness of audiences, are fluently inveighed against. To one, or all, of these causes, he complacently attributes his mischance, and modestly entertains a lofty contempt for the dunces by whom he has been condemned. That actors are sometimes negligent, and that managers and critics are frequently unjust, we readily allow, though the outcry against them is often both senseless and malignant; but, it is to the censure upon the conduct of the audiences, that we are disposed to attach the greatest share of justice. Their decisions are always rash and premature; the judgment of one evening is reversed by that of another: and what to-day is hooted from the stage with indignation, shall to-morrow be welcomed with shouts of applause.

To the correctness of these remarks, the history of some of our most popular stock-pieces bears ample testimony; and that of "Blue Devils" amongst the number. Produced originally at Covent Garden, in 1798, for the benefit of Mr. Fawcett, it narrowly escaped being totally damned; and was only heard to the conclusion, by that kind of sufferance which affects always to deal tenderly with benefit-performances. Yet, being soon after transferred to the Haymarket, it pleased prodigiously, and has ever since been one of our most favourite interludes. With such examples before

them, it is scarcely matter for wonder, that unfortunate writers are inclined to appeal from the fiat of the judges by whom they have been condemned; and hope to obtain from a second jury, a more favourable verdict than has been awarded by the first.

This little piece is of French extraction; and, though the ingenious adapter of it has generally been remarkably successful in naturalizing the dramas he has borrowed from our neighbours, it still retains about it a foreign air, which plainly marks its origin. *Demisou* and his daughter are essentially French; while *Megrim* exactly embodies what is, or was, the popular idea of an Englishman on the continent:—wealthy, profuse, obstinate, devoured by spleen, strongly inclined to suicide, and sadly addicted to blasphemy. Yet, if the last-mentioned quality be deemed peculiarly characteristic of an Englishman, it must be admitted that *Demisou* has as good claim to the title of Briton as *Megrim*, since there appears to be a contest of profanity between them, and every sixth speech is disgraced by a *damn*. Inferior dramatists may perhaps fancy that curses impart energy to their language; but, the good sense and taste of Colman should have taught him to shun a practice so utterly abhorrent to good-breeding and decency. With this exception, the characters of *Megrim* and *Demisou* are pleasantly sketched; but, what shall be said of *James*, a French waiter, with a dialect that seems to be intended for provincial English, though we believe it would sadly puzzle the author to identify it with that of any particular county. Such an incongruity, however, will not be deemed a very fatal objection to an interlude; especially as the simplicity of the character derives a more amusing air from this very absurdity.

Suicide is a somewhat sombre topic to found a joke upon; and the experiment of making a man bent upon self-destruction, the hero of a comic interlude, was certainly a hazardous experiment. Yet, the subject has been managed so cleverly as to excite infinite amusement, without at all distressing the feelings of the most sensitive auditor. The equivoques are ludicrous and probable, or, to speak more correctly, *less improbable* than is frequently the case with this species of

-pleasantry, which Colman understands the management of better than any other dramatic writer of the day. "Blue Devils," in fine, is a delightful trifle, and well merits the popularity it enjoys.

P. P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is forty minutes.

Stage Directions.

- By R.H is meant Right Hand.
L.H. Left Hand.
S.E Second Entrance.
U.E. Upper Entrance.
M.D Middle Door.
D.F. Door in flat.
R.H.D. Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. Left Hand Door.

Costume.

MEGRIM

Brown coat, red waistcoat, cord breeches, drab-coloured great coat, and boots.

DEMISOU.

Striped coat, do. waistcoat, and buff pantaloons.

JAMES.

Drab-coloured frock, striped waistcoat, and drab-coloured breeches.

ANNETTE.

White skirt, do. flounces trimmed blue, blue jacket and apron.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i> 1821.	<i>Covent-Garden.</i> 1798
<i>Megrim</i> - - - - -	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Demaison</i> - - - - -	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Munden
<i>James</i> - - - - -	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Knight
<i>Bailiff</i> - - - - -	Mr. Isaacs.	Mr. Simmons
<i>Annette</i> - - - - -	Miss Kelly	Mrs. Gibbs.

SCENE—*A Hotel in a French Town.*



BLUE DEVILS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Eating Room, in a Hotel.*

JAMES and ANNETTE discovered.

Ann. And do you really love me so very dearly, James?

James. O, for the matter of that, Miss Annette, dearly indeed ! I don't know how it comes about, not I ; but, morning, noon, nor night, I can ne'er beat you out of my head.

Ann. Dear now, that's for all the world as it happens to me about you, James.

James. He! he! What a sweet pretty couple you and I should make, Annette !

Ann. That's a sure thing ; but we must not hope to get my father's consent. He isn't rich, you know ;—he has given so much credit to the fine folks, who come to his hotel here.

James. Yes ; and the worst of it is, that it be clean out of fashion, now, for your fine folks to pay. He has been very unlucky, of late, that's the truth on't.

Ann. Very ;—and, this blessed day, his wine-merchant threatens to seize his furniture, for the two hundred louis-d'ors he owes him ! We can't expect, James, that he'll think of marrying us, in all his misfortunes.

James. That's true, indeed !—Heigho !

Ann. Besides, you have only been waiter here three months. You *have* nothing, James.

James. Nothing at all.

Ann. And you *know* nothing to——

James. Oh, but I do, though!

Ann. Why, what do you know?

James. How to love you, Annette.

Ann. That's very well for me, James; but I don't see how it will do any good to my father.

James. Now that's a great pity; isn't it, Annette? Well, if we can't be married yet, why we must do all we can to make ourselves easy, you know. If now, you'd just let me—I don't know well how to ask you.

Ann. What, James?

James. Just let me have a kiss of your hand.

Ann. Dear! Would that give you any satisfaction?

James. Would it! Ah!

Ann. Lord! why did not you say so before?—(*Gives her hand.*)—Poor fellow! how happy he is, now!

James. And if I might but be so bold as just, for once, to take a smack at your lips, Annette—

Ann. My lips? Oh, perhaps that mayn't be right. I don't know, though, why you shouldn't.—My father kisses me, you know, James; so you may be sure it can't be improper. There, then. (*He kisses her.*)

Enter DEMISOU, L.H.

Dem. Very pretty, upon my soul! and just what I have suspected. Why, you graceless baggage! have you the impudence to suffer yourself to be kissed by a man.

Ann. Lord, father, why, where's the harm?

Dem. There's assurance, now, with the devil to it! Up—up to your chamber, directly, hussey! I'll talk to you, by and bye; and as for you, my merry gentleman, I must have a word with you, on the spot.

Ann. Nay, but father, now—

Dem. Get along, you jade! Troop, and be silent.—Troop, I say. [*Exit Annette, R.H.*]

James. Now, if you please, Mr. Demisou, just let's talk this here matter over a bit. What can you have to complain on?

Dem. Complain on, with a plague! Zounds! you dog! how dare you kiss my daughter?

James. Dear, it be such pretty sport.

Dem. Sport, you rascal!

James. Why, now, don't you think 'tis quite in nature, as a body may say?

Dem. In nature!

James. Certainly, you must know, she and I be in love with one another.

Dem. In love with one another!

James. Yes, we be; and if things hadn't fallen out so crossly with you, we should have told you so before. But you, d'ye see, being bothered about money, and I without a penny in my pocket, we thought it best not to break our minds to you, till I had made my fortune. S'bobs! if it was but once made, you shouldn't be long pestered with duns, I can tell you.

Dem. Ha—a very pretty story indeed. But, to settle matters methodically:—Jemmy!

James. Yes.

Dem. Do you see that door, Jemmy?

James. Why, what a dickens, you don't think I be blind?

Dem. Look at it well, Jemmy.

James. What for?

Dem. That you may never come in at it again, you damn'd rascal.

James. What?

Dem. From this moment, I bundle you out of the house; and woo betide you if ever you cross the threshold again!

James. Why, sure, you ben't serious.

Dem. Yes, sure, but I be, though.

James. Pooh, pooh! I can't go, mun.

Dem. Can't you!

James. No, to be sure. Miss Annette and I have promised to meet one another every morning, before you be up, in this very room. A pretty job, indeed, if I was to break my word. Touch my honour, and you touch my life!

Dem. Get out of my house, or I'll kick you and your honour to the devil.

James. And be you really in earnest, then?

Dem. Positively.

James. Well then, if I must, I—Give me your hand.

Heaven bless you! good bye, my dear Master Demisou! good bye!

Dem. Aye, aye; your servant, your servant.

James. Speak a bit of comfort to poor Miss Annette.

Dem. Well, well.

James. Tell her I shall always love her, till death do us part.

Dem. Upon my soul, a very pretty commission to give to her father.

James. Heaven bless you. (Going.)

Dem. Oh, by the bye, stay; hold; first let me pay you your wages.

James. No, I thank ye; I want no wages, not I.

Dem. No! why not?

James. My heart be a breaking; and, if grief be to kill me, I had rather make you my heir nor another. You be very welcome. I be sure I can ne'er live long, without Miss Ann—without—Heaven bless you. [Exit, L.H.]

Dem. Poor devil! I—pshaw! Damn it, I'm glad he's gone, for I was beginning to grow soft hearted, and make a fool of myself. But, to marry my girl to a beggar, just when I am ruined myself! If my wine merchant seizes my goods to-day, my credit's gone, for ever. Hark! I hear a carriage stop. Eh! here's a guest coming up. Let me put a good face on the matter, however.

Enter MEGRIM, L.H.D.

Dem. I have the honour to be your most obedient, humble servant.

Meg. (Throwing himself into a chair.) What for?

Dem. Because 'tis my duty, sir.

Meg. Duty!

Dem. Yes; and I hope I never failed in it yet, sir. May I make bold to ask if you wish for any thing?

Meg. You are plaguy curious.

Dem. 'Tis a question I ought to ask.

Meg. Why!

Dem. I am landlord of the hotel here.

Meg. Very like.

Dem. And if your lordship—

Meg. I am not a lord.

Dem. As you have the air of a man—

Meg. I am a man.

Dem. I see you are : but I mean a man of fashion.

Meg. I am not a man of fashion.

Dem. Then perhaps you are—

Meg. I am James Megrim, a man of honesty.

Dem. Do you stay any time in this country ?

Meg. For ever ! *(Emphatically.)*

Dem. For ever ! I am much obliged to you for coming to my house. Would you choose to look at an apartment ?

Meg. No ;—I'm well enough here.

Dem. Here ! Why this is the dining room : at three o'clock, we shall have about some twenty come to the ordinary.

Meg. What is it now ?

Dem. Past ten.

Meg. Hum ! I have more than four hours good, then.

Dem. Yes ; but at two they'll be laying the cloth ; and people coming in and out will disturb you.

Meg. No matter.

Dem. Well, 'tis but right to tell you of it : and now you are to do as you like.

Meg. I know it.

Dem. At all events, I'll go and give orders to reserve you a bed.

Meg. That's useless.

Dem. Why don't you intend to take a bed here to-night, sir

Meg. I think not.

Dem. I beg pardon ; but I thought you said, just now, that you would stay here for ever, and meant to finish your days in this town.

Meg. I do mean to finish my days in this town.

Dem. Oh, then, you intend to lodge somewhere else, I suppose. Well ! well ! But, before you leave my house, be pleased to make trial of your entertainment. Is there any thing you would be pleased to have now, sir ?

Meg. No.

Dem. When you want any thing, you'll find the bell on the table.

Meg. Oh.

Dem. And so I am your obedient, humble servant.

Meg. Pooh!—[*Exit Demisou, L.H.*].—An infernal fellow! his tongue clacks like a mill. I believe I was wrong not to kill myself yesterday, in that other inn;—I should have done it more comfortably there than here.—(*Pulls a pistol from his pocket, and examines it.*)—Hold, though;—let me reflect a little:—I am here, in France; and may it not be supposed, by the people here, that I destroyed myself in this country, because I have committed something which has made me afraid to stay in my own? Damn it, I must take care of that! It is the pride of a true Englishman to be able to lay his hand upon his heart, and say, *I defy our foreign neighbours to charge me with a dishonourable action.*—After all, have I any reason to kill myself?—Let me see; it is about thirty years since I have been always rich, and always miserable. I tried love; that made me uneasy, and jealous:—play; that made me passionate:—wine; that made me drunk, and gave me the head-ache. Then I travelled over Europe; but still I was melancholy. Russia's too cold; Italy's too hot; Holland's too dull; France is too gay. In short, I have always been in the pursuit of pleasure, and have never been able to catch it. Always, day after day, the same tedious circle, of getting up, walking about, going to dinner, going to bed, and going to sleep, over, and over, and over again!—Pooh! life gets stale. I must, by way of novelty, just kill myself, to enliven me. But, for the honour of my country, that it mayn't be thought I died like a coward, I'll write down all my reflections. I was right not to kill myself yesterday, for I should have lost this lucky idea to-day.—Landlord!

Enter DEMISOU, L.H.

Dem. What do you want, my lord?

Meg. Pahaw! none of your lords.

Dem. Sir, then.

Meg. None of you sirs, neither.

Dem. What am I to say then?

To say? Why say, "What do you want?" short and blunt.

Dem. But that's not polite.

Meg. No matter.

Dem. Oh, just as you please.—What do you want? short and blunt!

(*Gruffly.*)

Meg. That's right.—Pen, ink, and paper.

Dem. Here it is; but if you would but have stepped into another apartment, you would have found a writing table, and every thing proper.

Meg. Teasing blockhead!—Landlord!

Dem. Well?

Meg. I have a writing to draw up.

Dem. A writing?—then I can recommend you a good attorney.

Meg. An attorney!—(*In a passion.*)—Master landlord.

Dem. Sir.

Meg. Do me one favour:—get out.

Dem. What, you wish to be alone?

Meg. I do.

Dem. Oh, very well; I don't mean to intrude; but as I'm going out, on a little law business of my own, I could tell my attorney to attend you.

Meg. What for?

Dem. To draw up your writing.

Meg. I shall draw up my writings myself.

Dem. Only, in these matters, all depends on good counsel; and, in this town you may pick and choose.

Meg. Aye, aye; 'tis just the same thing.

Dem. An attorney, you know, sir, in great practice, and a cheating one—

Meg. 'Tis just the same thing.

Dem. Hum!—That's what people think of attorneys, I believe, in most countries. Well, have it your own way. Sir, I'm your humble servant.

Meg. Very well.

Dem. The strangest man I ever saw in my life!

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Meg. Damn this blockhead! he plagues me beyond all endurance. Now, then, for writing.

(*Sits down.*)

Enter JAMES, L.H.

James. Master Demisson be just gone out. If I could, now, but take a last leave of poor, dear, Miss Annette. I'll go and find her. Poor little heart! she'll cry her sweet pretty eyes out. For my part, I be sure, I never shall bear it. For certain, I must die. *(Aside.)*

Meg. (Overhearing the last word.) Die! *(Aside.)*

James. Yes, this be my last day. *(Aside.)*

Meg. Is it? Egad, then, I shall have a companion. 'Tis very lucky I didn't kill myself yesterday. *(Aside.)*

James. Well, I'll go and—— *(Aside.)*

Meg. Hollo, my good friend! be so kind as to stop a minute or two, will you?

James. What be I to stop for?

Meg. I shall have done writing in an instant, and then we can go together.

James. Dang it! I do see no necessity for that.

Meg. Necessity! no, but it will be more agreeable.

James. Under favour, now, 'twill be more agreeable to I to go by myself.

Meg. Will it?—what, have you no symptoms of fear, then?—no little sort of a tremor?—no kind of——eh?

James. Fear of what?

Meg. Why, of the—the object you have in view.

James. No, not I; I do love the object too well to be frightened.

Meg. (Getting up, and taking James's hand) Have you really, then, my good friend—really—reasons for desiring that object?

James. Have I?—Thousands!—bushels!

Meg. So have I.

James. You!

Meg. Yes.

James. Indeed! I didn't know that.

Meg. Then I'll tell it you. I mean to finish the job, in less than half an hour.

James. The devil you do!

Meg. Look ye, my friend; last night, I was within an ace of accomplishing my wishes.

James. You was?

Meg. Yes;—but I am glad now that I deferred it.

James. So be I too!

Meg. Certainly; for having both, as you say, the same object in view, why, we may embrace the object together

James. Together!

Meg. Aye; or I will first, to set you a good example.

James. Zounds, and the devil! I shall choak with rage!
—(*Aside.*)—Harkye, me, Mr.—do you know the person you be talking so familiar about?

Meg. The person!—Oh, he means Death, I suppose.—
(*Aside.*)—No, not yet; but I shall very shortly.

James. But I'd have you to know, that I do.

Meg. You do know the person?

James. Yes;—been acquainted upwards of three months.

Meg. A damned lying companion I shall have, by the bye; to tell me he has been dead above a quarter of a year.
—(*Aside.*)—Why, friend, 'tis impossible!

James. That may be; but it be very true. And I will cram the teeth of him down his throat, who dare to belie her; for she be as honest a girl as ever trod upon the ground.

Meg. A girl!—who?

James. Why, Annette, to be sure.

Meg. A net!—what the devil do you mean by a net?

James. Why the person you spoke so shamefully of, just now.

Meg. Why, zounds, man, do you call Death a net, then?

James. Death!

Meg. Yes,—why, what was it you said just now, when you came in?

James. What did I say?—why, that if so be I lost my poor, dear Annette, I should make a die on't, outright.

Meg. Why, then, you—you are not determined, it seems, to kill yourself.

James. To kill myself!—Mercy on me! what for?

Meg. Why, to put an end to your sufferings, to be sure.

James. Pshaw, man! you be a laughing at me. It be only cowards that be afraid to face misfortunes.

Meg. Cowards!—What, do you think, then, that the world would tax a man with cowardice, after his death, who has had the resolution to——eh?

James. Afterwards!—Why, what care I what people do say, when I be dead and gone. Putting the case, that the world ha' been my enemy, why need I trouble my head about what my enemy says of me, when I be no longer able to hear him?

Meg. I did very wrong not to kill myself last night. I should have escaped the mortification, of finding a clown wiser than myself this morning—(*Aside.*)—What is it, then, makes you uneasy?

James. Because I be in love.

Meg. Does the girl you love, love you in return?

James. Hugely.

Meg. You're a happy fellow.

James. I be a miserable dog!

Meg. Impossible!—A man who loves, and is beloved—

James. Pooh, mun!—there be something else wanting, besides that, to make I happy.

Meg. Aye?—and what—what is wanting, my good fellow, to make you happy? (*Kindly.*)

James. Why, possession, to be sure.

Meg. Why don't you take her, then?

James. Her father do trundle I out of doors, because I be poor.

Meg. Poor!—And is that all?

James. All!—yes, and that be enough, I think.

Meg. How much money would be enough to obtain the girl?

James. Oh, it be a large sum!—I might as soon look to be made a king as to get it. It might be two hundred louis-d'ors

Meg. And that would make you happy?

James. Happy!—I do verily think, 'twould make me jump out of my skin for joy.

Meg. And your mistress happy too?

James. Pshaw!—there be a question!—How should I be so, if Annette was not happy too?

Meg. Stay a minute.—(*Pulling out his pocket-book.*)—I give you—stay—aye, here they are—I make you a present of two hundred louis-d'ors.

James. What!

Meg. They are good notes :—any banking-house here will discount them.

James. Sir, I—I—

Meg. What's the matter ?

James. Heaven prosper you !—I be so—so over-glad, I—I—I don't know, whether I should throw myself at your feet—

Meg. Pshaw !—that's wrong.

James. Or into your arms.

Meg. That's right. (*They embrace.*)

James. I do owe you my life.

Meg. Pish !—that's nothing.

James. I do owe you my happiness.

Meg. Aye, that's every thing.

James. Without you, I had lost Annette. I were going in despair, to enlist in the sea service.

Meg. Indeed !

James. Yes ;—I would have risked my life boldly.

Meg. That's a fine lad.

James. And if I had faced the brave Englishmen—

Meg. How, you dog !—the Englishmen ?

James. Eh !—Oh,—What, you be one ?—I see—I see—I be ruined ! Take back the money—it be no longer mine. I suppose.

Meg. Harkye, my good fellow :—Let a man, of any nation under the sun, attack the glory and liberty of Old England, and he is my enemy—let his distress call for my assistance, and he becomes my countryman. Away, and make yourself happy.

James. Heaven bless you ! [*Exit, L.H.*]

Meg. I was quite right, not to kill myself yesterday ; I should have lost the pleasure to-day of doing a charitable action.

Enter ANNETTE, R.H.

Ann. Sure I heard James's voice !—I don't see him here, neither.

Meg. Eh !—That's a pretty little creature ! What are you looking for, Mademoiselle ?

Ann. Monsieur !—Oh dear !—I beg pardon for intruding.

Meg. No, no, you don't intrude at all. She's very pretty.
(*Aside.*)

Ann. I beg pardon, indeed, sir, for——Sir, your servant.
(*Going.*)

Meg. Stay—stay a minute Come here, my dear.

Ann. Sir!

Meg. Why, you tremble, child—you look flurried.

Ann. So I am, sir.

Meg. Aye!—and for what?

Ann. Oh, I must not tell that, sir.

Meg. Nay, nay, let me hear the—

Ann. Dear! my heart beats, like any thing!

Meg. Poor little heart!—and what is it makes it beat so?

Ann. Ah, sir!

Meg. Well?

Ann. Indeed, sir, I am so sincere—

Meg. Are you?—That's an extraordinary thing in a woman, my dear.

Ann. So sincere, sir, that I don't know how to disguise any thing in the world.

Meg. Well, well—there's no harm in that, child; on the contrary, the quality is a good one.

Ann. And so, sir, in coming here to see, sir—to see—

Meg. Well—out with it.

Ann. To see him—

Meg. Well, him—

Ann. Him that I love, sir.

(*Curtseying.*)

Meg. Zounds! she loves me!

(*Aside.*)

Ann. I could not keep a command of myself, sir—and so—that's all, sir.

Meg. And is this true, child?

Ann. Too true, sir,—'tis that makes me so unhappy.

Meg. Why should it make you unhappy?

Ann. Why?—Only think of being in love, at my age, sir!

Meg. Pray, then, how old are you, my dear?

Ann. I shall be eighteen, sir, come next Friday fortnight.

Meg. That's a very charming age, indeed!

Ann. And to love without hope, you know, sir!

Meg. Nay, nay, child, I did not say that. Oh James Megrim, James Megrim! who would have thought this, at

your time of life! And, how came you to fall in love, so suddenly, my dear?

Ann. La, sir, sure it does not, take such a deal of time, to fall in love. The first sight of my James, did so set my heart a beating.

Meg. Of James!

Ann. I'm sure, sir, without James, I should never be able to live.

Meg. Then you have heard the name?

Ann. Heard it!—Aye, sure, and from his own very mouth.

Meg. Ha—she listen'd then, when I told my name to the landlord.—Poor soul! how deeply she is smitten!—(*Aside.*)—And what was it that struck you so forcibly, my dear?

Ann. Oh, every thing.

Meg. Indeed!

Ann. First, his figure, sir.

Meg. You think it interesting, perhaps?

Ann. Aye, that it is, indeed, sir.

Meg. (*Bowing.*) Very handsome, upon my word.

Ann. O, very handsome, indeed, sir! then his eyes, do look so languishing!

Meg. Nay, come, come—damn it, not so very languishing neither.

Ann. O, indeed, but they do, though!

Meg. How blind is a girl in love, at eighteen! for my part, I never saw any thing so particularly striking in my eyes, now! (*Aside.*)

Ann. And, then, his talk is so agreeable, and so pleasant.

Meg. Oh, you are too good—you are, upon my soul! Oh! she's over head and ears!—a plain case (*Aside.*)

Ann. But, to be obliged to give him up, after all!

Meg. Give him up!—but why should you give him up?

Ann. Ah, James!—you are going to leave me!—going to-day, perhaps, or to-morrow! Heigho!

Meg. Nay, nay, be composed, child. Dry your tears; a man of honour can never abuse the power he has obtained over the heart of an innocent young creature. There are no obstacles in a case like this, that may not be surmounted.

Ann. Ah, sir!—there spoke the very soul of him I love. But, sure enough, there is an obstacle, and a sad one, too.

Meg. What is the obstacle?

Ann. Want of money.

Meg. Pooh! a trifle.

Ann. And, then, my father——

Meg. I'll engage that he shall consent to the union.

Ann. Dear!—can it be?

Meg. You are lovely, amiable, and have the tenderest heart! 'tis in my power to give you happiness, and your James shall marry you.

Ann. Shall he! dear sir! then I shall be bound to love you for ever and ever.

Meg. And will you?

Ann. With all my heart and soul, I will.

Meg. So much love will not be ill requited. Where shall I find your father?

Ann. He is the landlord of this hotel, sir.

Meg. What! the man whose tongue is going from morning to night?

Ann. My poor father does love to talk a little, sir, that's a sure thing.

Meg. Well, then, now 'tis my turn to talk to him. I will make the proposal, pay down all the money that's wanted, on the nail, and——

Ann. Hark!—I hear my father coming——

Meg. Then leave me alone with him a little! adieu! my sweet girl, adieu!

Ann. Heaven bless you, sir! Ah, James! what happiness do I now prepare for you. [Exit, R.H.]

Meg. Thank you, my angel, a thousand times thank you!—I was quite right not to kill myself yesterday.—If I had I could never have been married to-day.

Enter DEMISOU, L.H.

Dem. Ruined, past redemption! that tartar of a wine merchant is coming directly to seize my goods.—How to prevent their carrying off, I——

Meg. (Sitting down) Hark ye, master landlord.—A word with you, if you please.

Dem. Your commands, sir?

Meg. An extraordinary circumstance has happened in your house, you must know.

Dem. (Aside.) Ha!—then the bailiffs are come, and are got here before me.

Meg. You did not expect, I believe, what I have just earnt?

Dem. Ah, dear sir!—there's no mincing the matter. I knew it all, but too well, before I went out.

Meg. Did you?—Then she has broke the business to her father already, it seems. *(Aside.)*

Dem. I'm heartily sorry—heartily sorry, indeed, sir, for putting you to all the inconvenience, and trouble, this unlucky affair must give you.

Meg. Oh, it gives me no trouble at all!—On the contrary, friend, I am glad it has happened—I am, upon my soul!

Dem. (Bowing.) Upon my soul, sir, I'm very much obliged to you!—I can't very well see, though, why my misfortune should make you so mighty happy.

Meg. Misfortune!—pooh! 'tis no misfortune at all, friend.

Dem. I beg your pardon, though; for I'm sure 'tis none of my fault.

Meg. Well, well, I don't believe it is.

Dem. I am sure I have done every thing in my power to avoid the disgrace.

Meg. Pahaw!—there's no dth trace in the question; nobody knows any thing about it, but your daughter, and I.

Dem. Aye—the more her folly for disclosing it.

Meg. Folly! 'twas her destiny—poor thing, she could not help it.

Dem. Aye—and what will be the consequence?

Meg. Why, what will be the consequence?

Dem. Only my ruin—that's all.

Meg. No such thing, I tell you.

Dem. A babbling baggage!—after I had begged and prayed her to be silent—

Meg. Pooh! pooh!—you are wrong. You should let the poor dear girl follow her own inclinations.

Dem. What, when the poor dear girl does a damn'd deal of mischief?

Meg. I see no mischief, now, not I.

Dem. The devil you don't!—Why, shall not I lose my credit?

Meg. Zounds! How?

Dem. How?—Why, don't you think my neighbours would talk of the carrying off?

Meg. Carrying off?—impossible!—My friend, you don't know me: my nature would never permit such a thing.

Dem. What!—and will you have the goodness, sir, to—

Meg. Yes, yes; to be sure, I will:—and I now ask your consent, to conclude the whole business directly.

Dem. My dear sir!—this is such a kindness—I'm sure I—I don't know how to thank you—indeed, I don't:—but the money that I want, is—

Meg. Oh, damn the money! I don't mind that. 'Tis always my way to give, and never to take.

Dem. You have made me the happiest man in the world. Odso! here's the bailiff, come in the very pick. (*Aside.*)

Enter BAILIFF, R.H.

There, friend—there's the gentleman, that will settle with you.

Meg. What does this fellow want.

Dem. He comes on the business we have been talking about.

Meg. Oh, then he is a notary.

Bailiff. A notary!

Enter ANNETTE, R.H.

Ann. (*Apart to Megrim.*) Have you spoke to my father, sir?

Meg. All settled:—he consents. (*Aside to Ann.*)

Ann. Dear, I'm so happy!

Meg. And there's the man. (*Pointing to the Bailiff.*)

Ann. What man?

Meg. To finish the business.

Ann. I don't understand.

Dem. Now, sir, if you will have the goodness to settle—

Meg. Oh, with all my heart.

Bai. Here are the papers, then.

Meg. (*Taking them.*) Why, this is not a contract.

Bai. No, 'tis a bond.

Meg. A bond! but we want a contract.

Dem. A contract! what, would you have it done, then, in that mode?

Meg. Eh? Why surely you would not have it done in any other.

Dem. Oh, just as you think proper; but I thought that my simple acknowledgment——

Meg. Well, well, if your daughter consents to it in that way, 'tis the same to me.

Dem. Why, what does her consent signify?

Meg. A great deal. Do you think I would do any thing by force?

Dem. Well, but sir, in paying——

Meg. (*With indignation.*) In paying?

Bai. Aye, aye; the gentleman don't understand; but that's our method here.—But there——there's the bill, and there's the receipt.

Meg. Receipt for what?

Bai. For the two hundred Louis d'ors.

Meg. Why, what the plague! am I to pay two hundred louis-d'ors for your daughter? (*To Dem.*)

Dem. For my daughter! Zounds! no—'tis for me.

Meg. For you? (*Go to the devil!*)

Dem. Why didn't you say that——

Meg. To be sure I did say; I said that your daughter had fallen in love with me; that she would have me, and that I was willing to take her.

Ann. Dear! what, I?

Meg. Yes; you told me so, yourself.

Ann. Mercy!

Dem. Damn me, if ever you told me a word of it. You said you would pay the two hundred louis-d'ors, that I owed.

Meg. Then this is not the notary after all, with the contract of marriage?

Dem. I understand nothing about marriage, not I.

Meg. Why, I tell you that I'll marry your daughter.

Dem. You!

Meg. Yes; and settle on her all I am worth.

Dem. My dear sir! Why this is a luckier hit than the other! I only asked for a sum, to prevent the seizure of my goods.

Meg. Of your goods? Oh, you shall have that in a minute. How much have I to pay, friend?

Bai. Nothing at all, sir, you have paid me already.

Meg. I paid you!

Bai. Yes; you sent me the money an hour ago; and I'm come to give you up the papers.

Meg. Why, danme, you're mad.

Bai. Mad!

Meg. I never sent you a farthing.

Bai. I have received it, for all that.

Dem. And who brought it to you?

Bai. Your waiter.

Dem. My waiter!

Ann. He!—Dear, how glad I am!

Bai. Well, well—there are all the writings. Settle it among yourselves;—I have business. Your servant.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Dem. Why, what's the meaning of all this?

Meg. I don't understand.

Dem. Nor I.

Ann. Nor I.

Enter JAMES, L.H.

Ah! my good, kind friend!

James. My dear Annette!

Meg. Zounds! these two look mighty languishing at one another.

Dem. Is it you, then, that have done me this piece of service?
(*To James.*)

James. Why, I had the good luck to give you a helping hand, as a body may say.

Dem. And where did you get the money?

James. That kind gentleman there gave it to I.—(*Pointing to Megrim.*)—I knowed no better use for it than getting you out of misfortune.

Dem. My good fellow!—I—I don't know what return I can make you.

James. Ah! the return be in your power, if you please.
(*Pointing to Annette.*)

Meg. Oh! the devil!

James. This kind gentleman did promise to speak a good word for me.

Meg. What, is this she, then, that —?

James. Aye, Sir.

Meg. I'm sorry for it.

James. Be you?

Meg. You can't have her.

James. No! Why?

Meg. She's in love with me.

Ann. I!

Meg. Yes. Did not you tell me, that your heart beat like any thing; and that you were in love?

Ann. Yes, with him. (*Pointing to James.*)

Meg. With him?

Ann. Aye, sure:—Who should it be, but my own, poor James?

Meg. James!—Zounds! the same name!—I was wrong not to kill myself last night: I should not have made such an ass of myself to-day.

James. Nay, then, I see how it be—I must lose Annette, at last;—it be my duty, to give up to my benefactor. Heaven bless you, Annette; and may you be as happy as I be unfortunate! (*Going, l. h.*)

Meg. Stay, stay, stay my friend!—I can't find it in my heart to do a cruel action. Take her;—you shall not want a marriage portion:—and, in giving happiness to others, I begin to find the best method of securing my own.

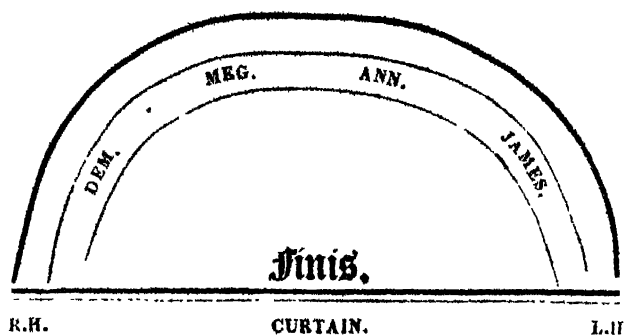
James and Ann. Ah! sir!

Meg. No thanks;—I rather owe them to you.

All. You!

Meg. Indeed, I do, my good friends. I have, hitherto, been sick of life, because I experienced nothing but its disgusts. You have now taught me to relish its pleasures. After searching far and wide, I at length, know where to find them; and I now discover, that the greatest, and purest pleasure, a rich man can enjoy, is assisting his poorer fellow creatures, and catching all opportunities of doing a benevolent action.

Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.



From the Press of W. Oxberry,
9, White-Hart Yard.



Oxberry's Edition.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS,

A FARCE.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET,
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59. PALL-MALL.

1822

From the Press of W. Osberry
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Remarks.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

What Shakspeare has pronounced to be the true "purpose of playing," is, in some respects, well performed by this little drama, which, if usefulness were accepted as a proof of merit, would rank above many pieces of much higher pretensions as literary compositions. In saying this, we mean not to insinuate that it will supersede the occupation of the preacher, or render needless the exhortations of the moralist, by correcting any glaring vices, nor, indeed, do we, generally, attach much credit to the declamations of theorists upon the extreme utility of the theatre in that point of view. Though its amusements doubtless operate beneficially in polishing the taste and humanizing the *manners* of a people, we cannot help being a little sceptical as to their *direct* influence upon our *morals*, either profitably or perniciously. There are, however, few instruments so powerful as a dramatic performance for exposing petty nuisances, or laughing folly out of countenance, and, this farce has probably opened the eyes of many heedless spendthrifts, whose servants were helping them speedily along the highway to ruin, but whose ears would have remained deaf to the voice of sober admonition.

The hint upon which the piece is founded, has been traced to No. 88 of the "Spectator." Dramatic chroniclers assure us that its disclosures of knavery had the effect of inducing the leading nobility and gentry to enter into an association for suppressing the insolence of their domestics, which had then arrived at an intolerable pitch. Thus, indeed, the author asserts, was what he aimed at, and the farce was well adapted to effect his purpose. The satire is amusing, if not very vigorous; and the rapacity of the menial tribe is placed

in a light at once laughable and instructive. The great world too, if ridicule or reasoning were of any avail in that quarter, might profit by seeing their absurdities and vices thus closely aped by their followers, and be induced to occupy their minds with nobler pursuits, when they behold the fashionable foibles of drinking, dining, wenching and duelling, indulged in with as much spirit by their servants as by themselves.

When the piece was first played, it was remarkably attractive. Since that period, the introduction of a more extravagant style of farce-writing has somewhat lessened the relish with which it was originally listened to; since the taste thus created, scarcely deems the excellent situation at the close of the second act, a sufficient atonement for the paucity of incident in the first. It, however, has never quite lost its place in the Prompter's list, and is still a favourite of the galleries. The dialogue is lively, without any approach to wit, and the characters are neatly sketched and well contrasted, though the author seems to have been guilty of an oversight in that of *Robert*, who deems it a point of honour never to *tell* anything to the disadvantage of servants, yet scruples not to inform *Lovel* anonymously, that his domestics are a mere gang of thieves.

By whom this piece was written, has never been decisively ascertained, the author, like his own *Robert*, being unwilling to be known. "*whereof* it might have brought him into trouble." Several persons have been suspected, among others, Garrick, and the Rev. J. Townley; but, its real parentage still remains a mystery. A fragment of a drama, on a similar subject, is printed in the "Epistolary Correspondence of Steele," 1869; and a farce upon the same plan was written by D. Hoadley, previous to the production of "*High Life Below Stairs*," but was rejected by Garrick in favour of the latter.

Victor, in his 3d vol., speaking of this piece, says it was originally performed in 1761, but he is mistaken. It was first played in October, 1759, with the following cast; *Duke's Servant*, Palmer; *Sir Harry's Servant*, King; *Lovel*, O'Brien; *Philip*, Yates; *Freeman*, Packer; *Kingston*, Moody; *Lady Bul's Maid*, Mrs. Abington. *Lady Charlotte's Maid*, Mrs. Bennett; *Kitty*, Mrs. Cuve. Theatrical

gossips say that the joke about *Ben Jonson* or *Kolley Kibber*, having written *Shikspur*, which is usually spouted in the representation, was introduced by Mrs. Clive, the original *Kitty*. The blunders of this character form one of the surest supports of the piece; for, lapses of grammar and pronunciation, are always effective on the stage. We dearly love to laugh at the ignorances of other people, it gives us no delightful a sense of our own superiority.

Some disapprobation was expressed on the first night, principally by those whose fraternity it satirised, but their opposition was quickly overpowered. In Edinburgh, it led to the reformation of an abuse of long standing, which had become quite a national disgrace. The wages given to servants at that period, being very trifling, it was customary for them to improve their finances, by levying weighty contributions upon their masters' visitors, under the denomination of vails. The inconveniences of this practice, had long been sensibly felt, and several meetings of gentlemen had been held, to take into consideration the propriety of abolishing it, * but the circumstance which hastened the determination to check the insolence and rapacity of the parti-coloured gentry, was their behaviour in the gallery of the Edinburgh Theatre, upon the production of this farce. The affair is thus detailed in the "*Scot's Magazine*," for January, 1760.

"There was a great disturbance in the Edinburgh Play-house, on Wednesday night, January 16. The farce of "*High Life Below Stairs*," had been acted on a former evening, and had, it seems, given offence to the footmen. It was advertised to be one part of the entertainments the night the disturbance happened; but, when it should have begun, Mr. LOVELL, one of the managers, read a letter which he had received, threatening both the managers and play-house, in case that farce should be acted, and telling him that above seventy persons had engaged to sacrifice fame,

The example was set by the gentlemen of Aberdeen, who, at a meeting held on the 21st December, 1759, came to the following resolution:—"That we will discourage, so far as lies in our power, the custom which at present universally obtains of giving vails or drink-money; a practice, not only pernicious to servants, but likewise shameful, indecent, and destructive of all hospitality."

honour, and profit, to prevent it. The audience, however, ordered the farce to go on. Soon after it began, a great noise was heard from the Footmen's gallery. The gentlemen in the pit, called to them to be silent; or that, otherwise, they should be turned out, and never permitted to enter the play-house again. The disturbance still continuing, the footmen were all turned out, and the managers were desired not to admit any footmen into the gallery for the future. Several more letters were, however, sent to the managers, and the company of Hunters, in the papers of January 23, advertised a reward of twenty guineas for discovering the author or authors of them."

Associations for the abolition of vails, were immediately after entered into in every part of the kingdom, and the prompt suppression of the nuisance, may, therefore, be placed in a main degree to the credit of "*High Life Below Stairs.*"

P. P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and forty minutes.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.	is meant	Right Hand.
L.H.		Left Hand
S.E.		Second Entrance.
U.E.		Upper Entrance.
M.D.		Middle Door.
D.F.		Door in flat.
R.H.D.		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.		Left Hand Door.

Costume.

LOVEL.

First dress.—Slate-coloured coat, buff kerseymere waistcoat and breeches.—Second dress.—Countryman's coat, flowered waistcoat and leather breeches

FREEMAN.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, and buff breeches

TOM.

Suit of livery

DUKE'S SERVANT

Light blue livery, trimmed with silver lace

SIR HARRY'S SERVANT

Green livery jacket, white waistcoat and breeches

KINGSTON.

White and orange livery.

KITTY.

Muslin dress and apron, trimmed with coloured riband.

LADY CHARLOTTE.

First dress.—Plain white.—Second dress.—Pink and silver, with flowers.

LADY BAB.

First dress.—White.—Second dress.—Blue and silver, trimmed with scarlet.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Hay-Market</i>
<i>Lovel</i> - - -	Mr. Decamp.	Mr. J. Russell.
<i>Freeman</i> - -	Mr. Barnard	Mr. Baker.
<i>Lord Duke</i> - -	Mr. Elliston	Mr. Decamp.
<i>Sir Harry</i> - -	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Lacy.
<i>Phillip</i> - - -	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Hammond.
<i>Tom</i> - - - -	Mr. Cooke.	Mr. Coveney.
<i>Coachman</i> - -	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Ebsworth.
<i>Kingston</i> - -	Mr. Chatterley.	Mr. C. Jones.
<i>Kitty</i> - - - -	Miss Kelly.	Mrs. Jonson.
<i>Lady Charlotte</i>	Mrs. Alsop.	Mrs. Garrick.
<i>Lady Bab</i> - -	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Jones.
<i>Cook</i> - - - -	Mrs. Maddocks.	Mrs. Kendall.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in Freeman's house.*

Enter FREEMAN and LOVEL, L.H.

Free. A country boy! ha, ha, ha! How long has this scheme been in your head?

Lov. Some time—I am now convinced of what you have often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

Free. Oh! are you satisfied at last, Mr. Lovel? I always told you, that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St. James's, than in your kitchen.

Lov. It is with some difficulty I believe it now, Mr. Freeman, though, I must own, my expenses often make me stare—Philip, I am sure, is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my blacks—If there is a rogue among my folks, it is that surly dog Tom.

Free. You are mistaken in every one. Philip is an hypocritical rascal; Tom has a good deal of surly honesty about him; and for your blacks, they are as bad as your whites.

Lov. Pray tell me; is not your Robert acquainted with my people? Perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

Free. To tell you the truth, Mr. Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid him your house—however, if you have a mind to ask him any question, he shall be forthcoming.

Lov. Let us have him.

Free. You shall; but it is an hundred to one if you get any thing out of him; for, though he is a very honest fellow, yet he is so much of a servant, that he'll never tell any thing to the disadvantage of another—

Enter Servant, L.H.

Send Robert to me—[*Exit Servant, L.H.*—] But what was it determined you upon this project at last?

Lov. This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and put me upon satisfying my curiosity.—Read it.

(*Gives the letter.*)

Free. I should know something of this hand—(*Reads.*)—

To Peregrine Lovel, Esq.—

Please your honour, I take the liberty to acquaint your honour, that you are sadly cheated by your servants.—Your honour will find it as I say.—I am not willing to be known, whereof, if I am, it may bring one into trouble.

So no more, from your honour's

Servant to command.

Odd and honest! Well—and now what are the steps you intend to take?

(*Returns the letter.*)

Lov. My plan is this—I gave it out, that I was going to my borough in Devonshire, and yesterday set out with my servant in great form, and lay at Basingstoke—

Free. Well?

Lov. I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow him; instead of that, I turned back, and am just come to town. *Ecce signum!*

(*Points to his boots.*)

Free. How will you get in?

Lov. When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenant's sons, who wants to be made a good servant of.

Free. They will certainly discover you.

Lov. Never fear; I will be so countrifed, that you shall not know me.—As they are thoroughly persuaded I am many

miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my departure with a drinking bout, if they are what you describe them—but you must contrive some way or other to get me introduced to Philip, as one of your cottager's boys, out of Essex.

Free. Ha, ha, ha ! you'll make a fine figure.

Lov. They shall make a fine figure.—It must be done this afternoon : walk with me across the park, and I'll tell you the whole—My name shall be Jemmy—And I am come to be a gentleman's servant—and will do my best, and hope to get a good carackter. (*Mimicking.*)

Free. But what will you do if you find them rascals ?

Lov. Discover myself, and blow them all to the devil.—Come along—

Free. Bravo !

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Park.*

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT, R.H.U.E.

Duke. What wretches are ordinary servants that go on in the same vulgar track every day ! Eating, working, and sleeping !—But we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are of another species. We are above the common forms, have servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our masters.—Ha !—My dear Sir Harry.—

Enter SIR HARRY'S SERVANT, L.H.

Sir H. How have you done these thousand years ?

Sir H. My Lord Duke!—your grace's most obedient servant.

Duke. Well, baronet, and where have you been ?

Sir H. At Newmarket, my lord—We have had devilish fine sport.

Duke. And a good appearance, I hear—plague take it, I should have been there ; but our old lady died, and we were obliged to keep house, for the decency of the thing.

Sir H. I picked up fifteen pieces.

Duke. Psha ! a trifle !

Sir H. The viscount's people have been damnably taken in this meeting.

Duke. Credit me, baronet, they know nothing of the turf.

Sir H. I assure you, my lord, they lost every match ; for Crab was beat hollow, Careless threw his rider, and Miss Slammerkin had the distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha ! I'm glad on't.—Taste this snuff, Sir Harry. *(Offers his box)*

Sir H. 'Tis good rappee.

Duke. Right Strasburgh, I assure you, and of my own importing.

Sir H. Aye !

Duke. The city people adulterate it so confoundedly, that I always import my own snuff—I wish my lord would do the same ; but he is so indolent.—When did you see the girls ? I saw Lady Bab this morning ; but, 'fore gad, whether it be love or reading, she looked as pale as a penitent

Sir H. I have just had this card from Lovel's people.—*(Reads)*

Philip and Mrs. Kitty, present their compliments to Sir Harry, and desire the honour of his company this evening, to be of a smart party, and eat a bit of supper.

Duke. I have the same invitation—their master, it seems, is gone to his borough.

Sir H. You'll be with us, my lord ?—Philip's a blood —

Duke. A buck of the first head I'll tell you a secret,—he's going to be married

Sir H. To whom ?

Duke. To Kitty.

Sir H. No !

Duke. Yes he is ; and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir H. Then we may depend upon your grace for certain Ha, ha, ha !

Duke. If our house breaks up in a tolerable time, I'll be with you—Have you any thing for us ?

Sir H. Yes, a little bit of poetry—I must be at the cockatree myself, till eight.

Duke. Heigh ho !—I am quite out of spirits—I had a

damned debauch last night, baronet.—Lord Francis, Bob the bishop, and I, tipt off four bottles of Burgundy a-piece—Ha! there are two fine girls coming! Faith—Lady Bab—aye, and Lady Charlotte. (*Takes out his glass*)

Sir H. We'll not join them.

Duke. Oh, yes—Bab is a fine wench, notwithstanding her complexion; though I should be glad she would keep her teeth cleaner. Your English women are damned negligent about their teeth—How is your Charlotte in that particular?

Sir H. My Charlotte!

Duke. Aye, the world says you are to have her.

Sir H. I own I did keep her company; but we are off, my lord.

Duke. How so?

Sir H. Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

Duke. Oh, damn it—that's insufferable.

Sir H. Besides, she's a fool, and missed her opportunity with the old countess.

Duke. I am afraid, baronet, you love money.—Rot it, I never save a shilling—indeed, I am sure of a place in the excise.—Lady Charlotte is to be of the party to-night; how do you manage that?

Sir H. Why, we do meet at a third place, are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke. A-la-mode, ha!—Here they are.

Sir H. Let us retire. (*They retire, L.H.U.E.*)

Enter LADY BAB'S Maid, and LADY CHARLOTTE'S Maid,
L.H.

Lady B. Oh! fie! Lady Charlotte, you are quite indelicate! I am sorry for your taste!

Lady C. Well, I say it again, I love *Foxhall*.

Lady B. O my stars! Why there is nobody there but filthy citizens.

Lady C. We were in hopes the raising the price would have kept them out, ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. Ha, ha, ha?—*Runelow* for my money.

Lady C. Now you talk of *Runelow*, when did you see the colonel, Lady Bab?

Lady B. The colonel! I hate the fellow.—He had the assurance to talk of a creature in Gloucestershire before my face.

Lady C. He is a pretty man for all that—soldiers, you know, have their mistresses every where.

Lady B. I despise him—how goes on your affair with the baronet?

Lady C. The baronet is a stupid wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him.—You are to be at Lovel's to-night, Lady Bab?

Lady B. Unless I alter my mind—I don't admire visiting these commoners, Lady Charlotte.

Lady C. Oh, but Mrs. Kitty has taste.

Lady B. She affects it.

Lady C. The Duke is fond of her, and he has judgment.

Lady B. The Duke might shew his judgment much better.

(*Holding up her head.*)

Lady C. There he is, and the baronet too—Take no notice of them—we'll rally them by-and-bye.

Lady B. Dull souls! Let us set up a loud laugh, and leave 'em.

Lady C. Ay;—let us be gone; for the common people do so stare at us—we shall certainly be mobbed.

Both. Ha, ha, ha—Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT, and SIR HARRY'S SERVANT, L.H.U.E.

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us—I must follow—

Sir H. No, no.

Duke. I must—I must have a party of raillery with them, a bon mot or so. Sir Harry, you'll excuse me.—Adieu, I'll be with you in the evening, if possible; though, hark ye! there is a bill depending in our house, which the ministry make a point of our attending; and so you know, mum; we must mind the stops of the great fiddle.—Adieu.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Sir H. What a coxcomb this is! and the fellow can't read. It was but the other day that he was cow-boy in the

country, then was bound 'prentice to a periwig-maker, got into my Lord Duke's family, and now sets up for a fine gentleman. O Tempora, O Mores !

Re-enter DUKE'S SERVANT, R.1.

Duke. Sir Harry, prithee what are we to do at Loyal's when we come there ?

Sir H. We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The fiddles ! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy, I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little—

(Makes a motion as if with the dice-box.)

Sir H. Fie, my Lord Duke.

Duke. Look ye, baronet, I insist on it—Who the devil of any fashion can possibly spend an evening without it ? But I shall lose the girls.—How grave you look, ha, ha, ha !—Well, let there be fiddles.

Sir H. But, my dear lord, I shall be quite miserable without you.

Duke. Well, I wont be particular, I'll do as the rest do.—Tol, lol, lol. *[Exit singing and dancing, R.11.]*

Sir H. He had the assurance, last winter, to court a tradesman's daughter in the city, with two thousand pounds to her fortune,—and got me to write his love-letters. He pretended to be an ensign in a marching regiment : so wheedled the old folks into consent, and would have carried the girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the washerwoman, who happened to be his first cousin.

Enter PHILIP, L.11.

Mr. Philip, your servant.

Phil. You are welcome to England, Sir Harry, I hope you received the card, and will do us the honour of your company.—My master is gone into Devonshire—we'll have a roaring night.

Sir H. I'll certainly wait on you.

Phil. The girls will be with us.

Sir H. Is this a wedding-supper, Philip?

Phil. What do you mean, Sir Harry?

Sir H. The Duke tells me so.

Phil. The Duke's a fool.

Sir H. Take care what you say; his grace is a bruiser.

Phil. I am a pupil of the same academy, and not afraid of him, I assure you: Sir Harry, we'll have a noble batch—I have such wine for you!

Sir H. I am your man, Phil.

Phil. Egad, the cellar shall bleed; I have some Burgundy that is fit for an emperor—my master would have given his ears for some of it t'other day, to treat my Lord What d'ye call him with; but I told him it was all gone; ha! charity begins at home, ha!—Odso, here is Mr. Freeman, my master's intimate friend: he's a dry one.—Don't let us be seen together—he'll suspect something.

Sir H. I am gone.

Phil. Away, away,—remember—burgundy is the word.

Sir H. Right—long corks! ha, Phil!—(*Mimicks the drawing of a cork.*)—Your's. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Phil. Now for a cast of my office—A starch phiz, a canting phrase, and as many lies as necessary.—Hem!

Enter FREEMAN, L.H.

Free. Oh! Philip—how do you do, Philip?—You have lost your master, I find.

Phil. It is a loss indeed, sir.—So good a gentleman!—He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time.—Sir, your servant. (*Going.*)

Free. Why in such a hurry, Philip?

Phil. I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his honour is away.

Free. You are in the right, Philip.

Phil. Servants at such times are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, sir.

Free. True; the master's absence is the time to try a good servant in.

Phil. It is so, sir; sir, your servant. (*Going.*)

Free. Oh! Mr. Philip—pray stay—you must do me a piece of service

Phil. You command me, sir— (Bows.)

Free. I look upon you, Philip, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest—(*Philip bows.*)—rascals in the world. (Aside.)

Phil. Your honour is pleased to compliment.

Free. There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man—poor fellow, he has a great number of children; and they have sent me one of 'em; a tall, gawky boy, to make a servant of; but my folks say, they can do nothing with him.

Phil. Let me have him, sir.

Free. In truth, he is an unlick'd cub.

Phil. I will lick him into something, I warrant you, sir—Now my master is absent, I shall have a good deal of time upon my hands; and I hate to be idle, sir; in two months I'll engage to finish him.

Free. I don't doubt it. (Aside.)

Phil. Sir, I have twenty pupils in the parish of St. James's; and for a table, or a side-board, or behind an equipage, or in the delivery of a message, or any thing—

Free. What have you for entrance?

Phil. I always leave it to gentlemen's generosity.

Free. Here is a guinea—I beg he may be taken care of.

Phil. That he shall, I promise you.—(Aside.)—Your honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly. (Aside.)

Phil. When can I see him, sir?

Free. Now, directly—call at my house and take him in your hand.

Phil. Sir, I will be with you in a minute—I will but step into the market to let the tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants, now they are at board-wages.—Humph!

Free. How happy is Mr. Lovel in so excellent a servant.

[Exit, L.H.]

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a-week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five guineas at Christmas—Damn all such sneaking scoundrels, I say. [Exit, L.H.]

SCENE III.—*The Servant's Hall in Lovel's house.*

KINGSTON and COACHMAN, drunk and sleepy, discovered.—
Knocking at the door.

King. Somebody knocks.—Coachy, go—go to the door, coachy.

Coach. I'll not go—do you go—you black dog.

King. Devil shall fetch me, if I go. (*Knocking*)

Coach. Why then let 'em stay :—I'll not go—damme—aye, knock the door down, and let yourself in.

(*Knocking.*)

King. Ay, ay ; knock again—knock again.

Coach. Master is gone into Devonshire—so he can't be there—so I'll go to sleep.

King. So will I—I'll go to sleep too.

Coach. You lye, devil—you shall not go to sleep till I am asleep.—I am king of the kitchen.

King. No, you are not king ; but when you are drunk, you are sulky as a hell.—Here is cooky coming—she is king and queen too.

Enter COOK, R.H.

Cook. Somebody has knock'd at the door twenty times, and nobody hears—why, coachman—Kingston—ye drunken bears, why don't one of you go to the door ?

Coach. You go, cook ; you go.

Cook. Hang me, if I go.

King. Yes, yes, cooky, go ; Molly, Polly, go.

Cook. Out, you black toad—it is none of my business, and go I will not. (*Sits down.*)

Enter PHILIP, with LOVEL disguised, L.H.

Phil. I might have staid at the door all night, as the little man in the play says, if I had not had the key of the door in my pocket.—What is come to you all ?

Cook. There is John Coachman, and Kingston, as drunk as two bears.

Phil. Ah, ha ! my lads, what, finished already ? These are the very best of servants.—Poor fellows, I suppose they have been drinking their master's good journey.—Ha, ha, ha !

Lov. No doubt on't. (*Aside*)

Phil. Yo ho ! get to bed, you dogs, and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by-and-by.—They are as fast as a church.—Jemmy !

Lov. Anon ?

Phil. Do you love drinking ?

Lov. Yes,—I loves ale.

Phil. You dog, you shall swim in Burgundy.

Lov. Burgundy ! what's that ?

Phil. Cook, wake those honest gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lov. I think I could wake 'em, sir, if I might—Heh—

Phil. Do, Jemmy, wake 'em, Jemmy.—Ha, ha, ha !

Lov. Hip,—Mr. Coachman !

(*Gives him a slap on the face*)

Coach. Oh ! oh ! What ? zounds ! Oh !—damn you !—

Lov. What, blackey ! blackey !

(*Pulls him by the nose*)

King. Oh ! oh !—What now ! curse you ! oh !—Cot tam you.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha !

Phil. Ha, ha, ha !—Well done, Jemmy.—Cook, see those gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry come up, I say so too ; not I indeed.

Coach. She sha'n't see us to bed—We'll see ourselves to bed.

King. We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together. [*Exeunt, reeling, R.H.*]

Phil. You see how we live, boy.

Lov. Yes, I sees how you live.

Phil. Let the supper be elegant, Cook.

Cook. Who pays for it ?

Phil. My master, to be sure : who else, ha, ha, ha ! He is rich enough, I hope, ha, ha, ha !

Lov. Humph.

(*Aside.*)

Phil. Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way.

Lov. Soh ! (*Aside.*)

Cook. Pr'ythee Philip, what boy is this ?

Phil. A boy of Freeman's recommending.

Lov. Yes, I'm 'Squire Freeman's boy,—Heh—

Cook. Freeman is a stingy hound, and you may tell him I say so. He dines here three times a week, and I never saw the colour of his money yet.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha ! That is good.—Freeman shall have it. (*Aside.*)

Cook. I must step to the tallow-chandler's, to dispose of some of my perquisites; and then I'll set about supper.

Phil. Well said, cook, that is right, the perquisite is the thing, cook.

Cook. Cloc, Cloc, where are you Cloc. (*Calls.*)

Enter CLOE, R.H.

Cloe. Yes, mistress.

Cook. Take that box and follow me. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Cloe. Yes, mistress !—(*Takes the box.*)—Who is this ?—(*Seeing Lovel.*)—Hee, hee, hee.—Oh—this is pretty boy—Hee, hee, hee !—Oh—this is pretty red hair.—Hee, hee, hee !—You shall be in love with me by-and-bye.—Hee, hee. [*Exit, L.H. chucking Lovel under the chin.*]

Lov. A very pretty amour.—(*Aside.*)—Oh, la ! what a fine room is this—is this the dining room, pray sir ?

Phil. No, our drinking room.

Lov. La ! la ! what a fine lady here is. This is madam, I suppose.

Enter KITTY, R.H.

Phil. Where have you been, Kitty ?

Kit. I have been disposing of some of his honour's shirts, and other linen, which it is a shame his honour should wear any longer.—Mother Barter is above, and waits to know if you have any commands for her.

Phil. I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here? (*Lovel bows.*)

Phil. A boy of Freeman's, a poor silly fool.

Lor. Thank you. (*Aside.*)

Phil. I intend the entertainment this evening as a compliment to you, Kitty.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr. Philip.

Phil. But I beg I may see none of your airs, or hear any of your French gibberish with the Duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, Phil. (*Fawningly.*)

Phil. I intend, before our marriage, to settle something handsome upon you, and with the five hundred pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant fellow's family—

Lor. A dog!—(*Aside.*)—O la, la, what, have you got five hundred pounds?

Phil. Peace, blockhead.

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Phil. Aye, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a chocolate-house, my dear.

Phil. Yes, and be cuckolded— (*Apart*)

Kit. You know my education was a very genteel one—I was a half-boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like a native—*Comment vous porter vous, monsieur.*

(*Awkwardly.*)

Phil. Psha! Psha!—

Kit. One is nothing without French—I shall shine in the bar.—Do you speak French, boy?

Lor. Anon.

Kit. Anon—O the fool! ha, ha, ha!—Come here, do, and let me mould you a little—you must be a good boy, and wait upon the gentlefolks to-night.

(*She ties and powders his hair.*)

Lor. Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

Kit. His best! O the natural! This is a strange head of hair of thine, boy—it is so coarse, and so carrotty.

Lor. All my brothers and sisters be red in the pole.

Phil. and Kit. Ha, ha, ha! (*Loud laugh.*)

Kit. There—now you are something like:—come, Philip, give the boy a lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the *Servants' Guide*.

Phil. Come, sir—first, hold up your head—very well—turn out your toes, sir—very well—now call coach!

Lov. What is call coach?

Phil. Thus, sir: coach, coach, coach! (*Loud*)

Lov. Coach, coach, coach! (*Imitating.*)

Phil. Admirable! the knave has a good ear.—Now, sir, tell me a lie.

Lov. O la! I never told a lie, in all my life.

Phil. Then it is high time you should begin now; what is a servant good for that can't tell a lie?

Kit. And stand in it.—Now I'll lecture him—(*Takes out a book.*)—This is "The Servant's Guide to Wealth," by Timothy Shoulderknot, formerly servant to several noblemen, and now an officer in the customs; necessary for all servants.

Phil. Mind, sir, what excellent rules the book contains—and remember them well—Come, Kitty, begin—

Kit. (*Reads.*)—*Advice to the Foo'man.*

Let it for ever be your plan

To be the master, not the man,

And do us little as you can.

Lov. He, he, he!—Yes, I'll do nothing at all—not I.

Kit. (*To the Coachman.*)

If your good master on you doats,

Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger.

But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,

And let the horses eat the manger.

Lov. Eat the manger—He, he, he!

Kit. I wont give you too much at a time.—Here, boy, take the book, and read it every night and morning, before you say your prayers.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha!—very good, but now for business.

Kit. Right—I'll go and get one of the damask table cloths, and some napkins; and be sure, Phil. your side-board is very smart.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Phil. That it shall.—Come, Jemmy.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Lov. Soh!—Soh!—It works well.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Servants' Hall, with the supper and side-board set out.*

PHILIP, KITTY, and LOVEL, *discovered.*

Kit. Well, Phil, what think you? Don't we look very smart?—Now let 'em come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for 'em.

Phil. 'Tis all very well; but—

Kit. But what?

Phil. Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur, Tom, to make one.

Kit. What is the matter with him?

Phil. I don't know—he is a queer son of a—

Kit. Oh, I know him; he is one of your sneaking half-bred fellows, that prefers his master's interest to his own.

Phil. Here he is.

Enter TOM, L II.

And why wont you make one to-night, Tom?—Here's Cook and Coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one.

Phil. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your master pay for it.

Phil. I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest—Ha, ha, ha!

Tom. A little honester than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

Kit. Hark'e you, Mr. Honesty, dont be saucy.

Tom. What, madam, you are afraid for your cully are you?

Kit. Cully, sirrah, cully! Afraid, sirrah! afraid of what?
(*Goes up to Tom.*)

Phil. Aye, sir, afraid of what?

(*Goes up on the other side.*)

Lov. Aye, sir, afraid of what? (*Goes up to Tom.*)

Tom. I value none of you—I know your tricks.

Phil. What do you know, sirrah?

Kit. Aye, what do you know?

Lov. Aye, sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you two are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house. And that you, Mr. Clodpole, are in a fair way to be hanged. (*Strikes Lovel.*)

Phil. What do you strike the boy for?

Lov. It is an honest blow. (*Aside.*)

Tom. I'll strike him again.—'Tis such as you that bring a scandal upon us all.

Kit. Come, none of your impudence, Tom.

Tom. Egad, madam, the gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses.—There's your good friend, Mother Barter, the old clothes woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his honour's linen.

Kit. Well, sir, and did you never—ha?

Tom. No, never; I have lived with his honour four years, and never took the value of that—(*Snapping his fingers.*)—His honour is a prince, gives noble wages, and keeps noble company, and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers.—Shame on you!

Lov. The fellow I thought a rogue, is the only honest servant in my house. (*Aside.*)

Kit. Out, you mealy-mouthed cur.

Phil. Well, go tell his honour, do—Ha, ha, ha!

Tom. I scorn that—damn an informer!—but yet, I hope his honour will find you two out, one day or other—that's all. [*Exit. L.H.*]

Kit. This fellow must be taken care of.

Phil. I'll do his business for him, when his honour comes to town.

Lov. You lie, you scoundrel; you will not.—(*Aside.*)—O la! here is a fine gentleman.

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT, L.H.

Duke. Ah! *ma chere Mademseille!* Comment vous portez vous? (*St. tut°*)

Kit. Fort bien, je vous remercier, monsieur.

Phil. Now we shall have nonsense by wholesale.

Duke. How do you do, Philip?

Phil. Your Grace's humble servant.

Duke. But my dear Kitty—

(*Talk apart.*)

Phil. Jemmy!

Lov. Anon?

Phil. Come along with me, and I will make you free of the cellar

Lov. Yes, I will, but wont you ask he to drink?

Phil. No, no; he will have his share by-and bye.—Come along.

Lov. Yes. [*Exeunt, with Philip, R.H.*]

Kit. Indeed I thought your Grace an age in coming.

Duke. Upon honour, our house is but this moment up.—You have a damned vile collection of pictures, I observe, above stairs, Kitty.—Your 'squire has no taste.

Kit. No taste! that's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of money.

Duke. There is not an original picture in the whole collection. Where could he pick 'em up?

Kit. He employs three or four men to buy for him, and he always pays for originals.

Duke. *Donnez moi votre Eau de Luce.* My head aches confoundedly—(*She gives a smelling bottle.*)—Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married.

Kit. *Pardonnez moi*, for that.

Duke. If you get a boy, I'll be godfather, faith.

Kit. How you rattle, Duke!—I am thinking, my lord, when I had the honour to see you first.

Duke. At the play, *mademoiselle.*

Kit. Your grace loves a play!

Duke. No—It is a dull, old-fashioned entertainment—I hate it.

Kit. Well, give me a good tragedy.

Duke. It must not be a modern one then—You are devilish handsome, Kate Kiss me. (*Offers to kiss her.*)

Enter SIR HARRY'S SERVANT, L.H.

Sir H. Oh, ho!—Are you thereabouts, my Lord Duke?

That may do very well by-and-bye. However, you'll never find me behind-hand. (*Offers to kiss her.*)

Duke. Stand off, you are a commoner—nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir H. You are so devilish proud of your nobility. Now, I think, we have more true nobility than you. Let me tell you, sir, a Knight of the Shire—

Duke. A Knight of the Shire! Ha, ha, ha! a mighty honour, truly, to represent all the fools in the county

Kit. O Lud! this is charming to see two noblemen quarrel.

Sir H. Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

Kit. Well said, Sir Harry, that is good *morality*.

Duke. I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours and the huzzas of a mob.

Kit. Very smart, my lord—now, Sir Harry—

Sir H. If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt—

Duke. Zounds! sir, what do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold! I shall have some fine old noble blood spilt here.—Ha' done, Sir Harry—

Sir H. Not I—why he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke. We have dignity. (*Slow.*)

Sir H. But what becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies? (*Quick.*)

Kit. Peace, peace—here's Lady Bab—

Enter LADY BAB'S SERVANT, in a chair, L.H.

Dear Lady Bab—

Lady B. Mrs. Kitty, your servant—I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well, and how do you do?—My Lord Duke, your servant—and Sir Harry too—your's.

Duke. Your ladyship's devoted.

Lady B. I'm afraid I have trespassed in point of time—(*Looks on her watch.*)—But I got into my favourite author.

Duke. Yes, I found her ladyship at her studies this morning—some wicked poem—

Lady B. Oh you wretch!—I never read but one book.

Kit. What is your ladyship so fond of?

Lady B. Shikspur. Did you never read *Shikspur*!

Kit. Shikspur! Shikspur!—Who wrote it?—No, I never read *Shikspur*.

Lady B. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Kit. Well, then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other.—Here's Lady Charlotte.

Enter LADY CHARLOTTE'S MAID, in a chair, L.H.

Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady C. Oh, Mrs. Kitty, I thought I never should have reached your house. Such a fit of the cholic seized me.—Oh, Lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here?—My chairmen were such drons.—My Lord Duke! the pink of all good breeding.

Duke. Oh, ma'am— (Bowing.)

Lady C. And Sir Harry—your servant, Sir Harry. (Formally.)

Sir H. Madam, your servant—I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.

Lady C. You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, sir. Remember the Park.

Sir H. The Park! I'll explain that affair, madam.

Lady C. I want none of your explanations. (Scornfully.)

Sir H. Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady C. No, sir; I have observed your coolness of late, and despise you. A trumpery baronet!

Sir H. I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but nobility. That sly dog the Marquis.

Lady C. None of your reflections, sir. The Marquis is a person of honour, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir H. I—I—madam? I scorn such a thing. I assure you, madam, I never—that is to say—Egad, I am confounded. My Lord Duke, what shall I say to her? Pray help me out. (Aside.)

Duke. Ask her to show her legs.—Ha, ha, ha! (Aside.)

Enter PHILIP and LOVEL, loaded with bottles, R.H.

Phil. Here, my little peer—here is wine that will ennoble your blood. Both your ladyships most humble servant.

Lov. (*Affecting to be drunk.*) Both your ladyships most humble servant

Kit. Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk.

Phil. I have made him free of the cellar. Ha, ha, ha !

Lov. Yes, I am free—I am very free.

Phil. He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble Port to Imperial tokay.

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking tokay.

Kit. Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait on his lordship bye-and-by

Lov. Thank you, madam—I will certainly wait on their lordships, and their ladyships too. [*Aside and exit, L.H.*]

Phil. Well, ladies, what say you to a dance, and then to supper ?

Enter COOK, COACHMAN, KINGSTON and CLOE, R.H.

Come here—Where are all our people ? I'll couple you—My Lord Duke will take Kitty,—Lady Bab will do me the honour of her hand ; Sir Harry and Lady Charlotte—Coachman and Cook, and the two devils dance together—Ha ! ha ! ha !

Duke. With submission, the country dances bye-and-by.

Lady C. Ay, ay ; French dances before supper, and country dances after—I beg the Duke and Mrs. Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke. Dear Lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout—Sir Harry will oblige us. (*Sir Harry bows.*)

All. Minuet, Sir Harry—Minuet, Sir Harry—

Kit. Marshal Thingumbob's minuet.—(*A minuet by Sir Harry (1) and Kitty ; awkward and conceited.*)

Lady C. Mrs. Kitty dances sweetly.

Phil. And Sir Harry delightfully. ●

Duke. Well enough for a commoner.

Phil. Come, now to supper—A gentleman and a lady.—(*They sit down.*)—Here is claret, burgundy, and cham-

(1) The minuet is generally danced by the Duke.—ED.

page, and a bottle of tokay for the ladies. There are tickets on every bottle—if any gentleman chooses port—

Duke. Port!—'Tis only fit for a dram.

Kit. Lady Bab, what shall I send you?—Lady Charlotte, pray be free; the more free the more welcome, as they say in my country.—The gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves. *(A pause.)*

Duke. Lady Charlotte, "Hob or nob!"

Lady C. Done—my lord—in burgundy, if you please.

Duke. Here's your sweetheart and mine, and the friends of the company. *(They drink.—A pause.)*

Phil. Come, ladies and gentlemen, a bumper all round—I have a health for you—"Here is to the amendment of our masters and mistresses."

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! *(Loud laugh.—A pause.)*

Kit. Ladies, pray what is your opinion of a single gentleman's service?

Lady C. Do you mean an old single gentleman?

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! *(Loud laugh.)*

Phil. My Lord Duke, your toast.

Duke. Lady Betty—

Phil. Oh no—a health and a sentiment.

Duke. Let us have a song—Sir Harry, your song.

Sir H. Would you have it?—Well, then—Mrs. Kitty, we must call upon you—Will you honour my muse?

All. A song, a song—ay, ay, Sir Harry's song—Sir Harry's song.

Duke. A song to be sure,—but first,—Prelude—*(Kisses Kitty.)*—Pray, gentlemen, put it about.

(Kissing round.—Kingston kisses Cloe heartily.)

Sir H. See how the devils kiss!

Kit. I am really hoarse; but—Hem—I must clear up my pipes—Hem—This is Sir Harry's song; being a new one, intitled and called the "*Fellow Servant, or, All in a Livery.*"

. SONG.—KITTY.

*Come here, Fellow-servant, and listen to me,
'T'll shew you how those of superior degree
Are only dependants, no better than we;*

*Chorus.—Both high and low in this do agree,
'Tis here fellow-servant,
And there fellow-servant,
And all in a livery.*

*See yonder fine spark in embroidery drest,
Who bows to the great, and if they smile, is blest;
What is he? I'faith, but a servant at best.*

Cho.—Both high, &c.

*The fat shining glutton looks up to the shelf,
The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.*

Cho.—Both high, &c.

Phil. How do you like it, my Lo'd Duke?

Duke. It is a damned vile composition.

Phil. How so?

Duke. O, very low! Very low indeed!

Sir H. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir H. That is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir H. Scoundrel! You are a rascal—I'll pull you by the nose—
(*All rise.*)

Duke. Look ye, friend; don't give yourself airs, and make a disturbance among the ladies—If you are a gentleman, name your weapons.

Sir H. Weapons! What you will—Pistols—

Duke. Done—behind Montague House.

Sir H. Done—with seconds.

Duke. Done.

Phil. Oh, for shame, gentlemen—My Lord Duke!—Sir Harry, the ladies! fie!—(*Duke, and Sir Harry affect to sing—A violent knocking, L.H.—Kitty faints.*)—What the devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up stairs and peep.—[*Exit Kingston, L.H.*]—It sounds like my master's rap—Pray heaven it is not he.

Enter KINGSTON, L.H.

Well, Kingston, what is it?

King. It is master and Mr. Freeman—I peeped through the key-hole, and saw them by the lamp light—Tom has just got them in—

Phil. The devil he has! What can have brought him back?

Kit. No matter what—Away with the things.

Phil. Away with the wine—Away with the plate—Here, coachman, cook, Cloe, Kingston, bear a hand—Out with the candles—Away, away. (*They carry away the table, &c.*)

Visitors. What shall we do? What shall we do?

(*They all run about in confusion.*)

Kit. Run up stairs, ladies.

Phil. No, no, no—He'll see you then.

Sir H. What the devil had I to do here!

Duke. Plague take it, face it out.

Sir H. Oh no; these West-Indians are very fiery.

Phil. I would not have him see any of you for the world.

Lor. (*Without, L.H.*) Philip—Where's Philip?

Phil. Oh the devil! he's certainly coming down stairs—Sir Harry, run down into the cellar—My Lord Duke get into the pantry—Away, away.

Kit. No, no: do you put their ladyships into the pantry, and I'll take his grace into the coal-hole.

Visitors. Any where, any where—Up the chimney if you will

Phil. There—in with you.

(*They all go into the pantry.*)

Lov. (*Without, L.H.*) Philip—Philip!

Phil. Coming, sir.—(*Aloud.*)—Kitty, have you never a good book to be reading of?

Kit. Yes, here is one.

Phil. 'Egad, this is black Monday with us—Sit down—Seem to read your book—Here he is, as drunk as a piper.

(*They sit down.*)

*Enter LOVEL, L.H. with pistols, affecting to be drunk,
FREEMAN following.*

Lor. Philip, the son of Alexander the Great, where are all my myrmidons?—What the devil wakes you up so early this morning?

Phil. He is very drunk, indeed.—(*Aside*)—Mrs. Kitty and I had got into a good book, your honour.

Free. Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare say—ha, ha, ha!

Lor. Come, sit down, Freeman—Lie you there—(*Lays his pistols down.*)—I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip.

Phil. A good servant is never afraid of being caught, sir.

Lor. I have some accounts that I must settle—

Phil. Accounts, sir! to-night?

Lor. Yes, to-night—I find myself perfectly clear—you shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

Phil. Your honour will go into the parlour?

Lor. No, I'll settle them all here.

Kit. Your honour must not sit here.

Lor. Why not?

Kit. You will certainly take cold, sir, the room has not been washed above an hour.

Lor. What a cursed lie that is! (*Aside*)

Duke. Philip—Philip—Philip! (*Peeping out*)

Phil. Plague take you!—Hold your tongue. (*Aside*)

Free. You have just nicked them in the very minute.

(*Aside to Lovel.*)

Lor. I find I have—Mum—(*Aside to Freeman.*)—Get some wine, Philip.—[*Exit Philip, R.H.*]—Though I must eat something before I drink.—Kitty, what have you got in the pantry?

Kit. In the pantry? Lard, your honour! We are at board wages.

Free. I could eat a morsel of cold meat.

Lor. You shall have it—here—(*Rises.*)—Open the pantry door—I'll be about your board-wages!—I have treated you often, now you shall treat your master.

BELOW STAIRS.

Kit. If I may be believed, sir, there is not a scrap of any thing in the world in the pantry. (*Opposing him.*)

Lor. Well, then, we must be contented, Freeman.—Let us have have a crust of bread and a bottle of wine.

(*Sits down again.*)

Sir H. (Peeping.) Mrs Kitty, Mrs. Kitty—

Kit. Peace, on your life. (*Aside*)

Lor. Kitty, what voice is that?

Kit. Nobody's sir.—Hem—

(*Somebody in the pantry sneezes.*)

Re-enter PHILIP, with wine, R.H.

Kit. We are undone; undone! (*Aside.*)

Phil. Oh! that is the Duke's damn'd rapee. (*Aside.*)

Lor. Didn't you hear a noise, Charles?

Free. Somebody sneezed, I thought.

Lor. Damn it! There are thieves in the house—I'll be among 'em— (*Takes a pistol.*)

Kit. Lack a-day, sir, it was only the cat—they sometimes sneeze for all the world like a christian—Here, Jack, Jack—he has got a cold, sir,—puss, puss.

Lor. A cold! then I'll cure him—Here Jack, Jack,—puss, puss.

Kit. Your honour wont be so rash—Pray, your honour, don't— (*Opposing*)

Lor. Stand off—Here, Freeman—here's a barrel for business, with a brace of slugs, and well primed, as you see—Freeman, I'll hold you five to four—Nay, I'll hold you two to one, I hit the cat through the key-hole of that pantry door.

Free. Try, try, but I think it impossible.

Lor. I am a damn'd good marksman.—(*Cocks the pistol, and points it at the pantry-door.*)—Now for it!—(*A violent shriek, and all is discovered.*)—Who the devil are these? One—two—three—four—

Phil. These are particular friends of mine, sir; servants to some noblemen in the neighbourhood.

Lor. I told you there were thieves in the house.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. I assure your honour they have been entertained at our own expense, upon my word.

Kit. Yes, indeed, your honour, if it was the last word I had to speak.

Lov. Take up that bottle.—(*Philip takes up a bottle with a ticket to it, and is going off.*)—Bring it back—do you usually entertain your company with tokay, Monsieur?

Phil. I, sir, treat with wine!

Lov. O yes, from humble port, to Imperial tokay too.—Yes, I loves kokay (*Mimicking himself.*)

Phil. How!—Jemmy, my master!

Kit. Jemmy! the devil!

Phil. Your honour is at present in liquor—but in the morning, when your honour is recovered, I will set all to rights again.

Lov. (*Changing his countenance.*) We'll set all to rights now—there, I am sober, at your service—what have you to say, Philip!—(*Philip starts.*)—You may well start—go, get out of my sight.

Duke. Sir, I have not the honour to be known to you, but I have the honour to serve his Grace the Duke of—

Lov. And the impudence familiarly to assume his title—your Grace will give me leave to tell you, “that is the door”—and if you ever enter there again, I assure you, my Lord Duke, I will break every bone in your Grace’s skin—be-gone—I beg their ladyship’s pardon, perhaps they cannot go without chairs—ha, ha, ha!

Free. Ha, ha, ha! (*Sir Harry steals off, L.H.*)

Duke. Low-bred fellows! [*Exit, L.H.*]

Lady Char. I thought how this visit would turn out [*Exit, L.H.*]

Lady Bab. They are downright hottenpots. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Phil and Kit. I hope your honour will not take away our bread.

Lov. “Five hundred pounds will set you up in a chocolate house—You’ll shine in the bar, madam.”—I have been an eye-witness of your roguery, extravagance, and ingratitude.

Phil and Kit. Oh, sir—good sir!

Lov. You, madam, may stay here till to-morrow morning.—And there, madam, is the book you lent me, which I beg you’ll read “night and morning before you say your prayers.”

Kit. I am ruined and undone. [*Exit, ...*]

Lov. But you, sir, for your villainy, and (what I hate

worse) your hypocrisy, shall not stay a minute longer in this house ; and here comes an honest man to shew you the way out.—Your keys, sir. *(Philip gives the keys)*

Enter TOM, L.H.

Tom, I respect and value you—you are an honest servant, and shall never want encouragement. Be so good, Tom, as to see that gentleman out of my house.—(*Points to Philip*)—and then take charge of the cellar and plate.

Tom. I thank your honour; but I would not rise on the
 ruin of a fellow-servant.

Loz. No remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say.

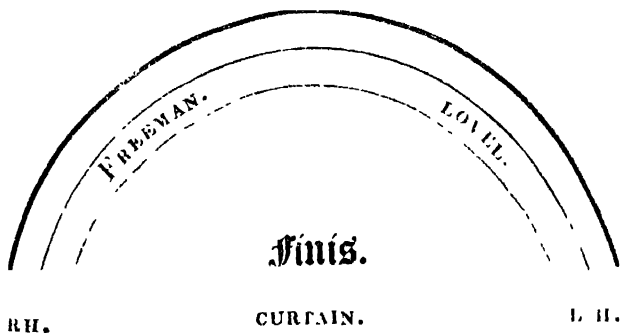
Phil. What a cursed fool have I been.

[*Eaeunt*, L. II.]

Free. You have made Tom very happy.

Loc. And I intend to make your Robert so too—every honest servant should be made happy.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls



**From the Press of W. Oxberry,
8, White Hart Yard.**



Oxberry's Edition.

MIDAS,

A BURLETTA;

By Kane O'Hara.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONER'S COURT, LUDGATE-STREET,
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, PALL MALL.

1822.

1. ~~Library~~ ~~Journalism~~ Public Library
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From the Press of W. Oxberry,
8, White Hart Yard.

Remarks.

MIDAS.

THIS very pleasant burlesque seems to be better calculated for representation, than any other production of the kind which the English Theatre possesses. "Tom Thumb," perhaps, may be adduced in opposition to our opinion; but, whatever may be thought of the comparative cleverness of the two pieces in some points of view, we question whether the treasurer's books would not fully bear us out in the assertion, that "Midas," has been the most lastingly and productively attractive on the stage. Besides, as the acting-version of "Tom Thumb," owes its popularity principally to the good offices of the author of "Midas," who enlivened it by some judicious improvements, and the introduction of several amusing songs, it seems hardly fair to array his own work in opposition to him, and make it, like the pinion of Waller's eagle, contribute to its parent's overthrow.

That species of burlesque, which is produced by placing low ideas in the conversation of elevated personages, by clothing ordinary sentiments in lofty language, and rendering great things ridiculous by ludicrous associations, will seldom fail to please, if performed with moderate ability, and restrained within reasonable limits. The apparent facility, however, with which all this may be accomplished, has encouraged many to make the attempt, who have miscarried most completely; and, by not observing the line of separation, which distinguishes burlesque from mere buffoonery, have produced nothing but tedious masses of vulgar ribaldry. O'Hara himself, has not entirely avoided this error; but then he has atoned for it by so much pleasantry in his recitative and songs, by so much whim in the general management of the piece, and has seasoned the whole, by so judicious an intermixture of popular music, that no one can

witness the performance of the burletta, without experiencing very lively gratification.

It is a circumstance worthy of notice, that our most favourite musical pieces (with the single exception of *Ariaxerxes*) are those of which the songs have been set to familiar airs of uncertain origin; fugitives, whose obscure or indifferent producers "whistled them down the wind to prey at fortune;" and which have been perpetuated among the common people, from generation to generation, solely by the aid of *tradition*. We need hardly mention the "*Beggar's Opera*," the "*Duenna*," or "*Rosina*," in illustration of this remark; and the fact, while it evinces either a deficiency of talent, in our professed composers, or a want of musical taste in the nation generally, strikingly shews how surely strains of pure, simple melody, will win their way to the heart, and how firmly they will retain that admiration, which all the graces of science are frequently unable to command.* The success of "*Midas*," affords a proof of the safe policy of thus engraving new words upon old tunes; for, most of the songs being adapted to airs which were universally familiar, at once captivated the multitude, and secured the applause of numbers who would have turned an indifferent ear to the humour of the language. Most of these pieces have enjoyed their popularity to the present day; and few of our readers can have forgotten how one of them, (*Pray Goody*) caught the fancy of the town, and was dinned into their ears by every barrel-organ and ballad-singer in the metropolis, for months after the revival of the piece at Covent Garden, in 1812. This air, like most of its companions, is of doubtful and disputed origin; and, the honour of having composed it, has been awarded, amongst others, to so distinguished a personage as Rousseau. Since we have no means at hand of ascertaining the truth or falsehood of the opinion, we shall content ourselves with quoting the substance of some remarks upon the subject, which appeared in a periodical paper, a few years ago:—

* The plaintive "snatches of old tunes," which *Ophelia* warbles in her frenzy, have thus been transmitted from actress to actress, by memory only, perhaps from the earliest performance of "*Hamlet*." With whom they originated, is unknown; yet, could Mozart himself have produced any thing more truly touching and appropriate?

"I know not (says the writer) upon what authority the belief is founded; but, I incline to think that the facts I am about to state, render Rousseau's claim to it very doubtful. In 1750, a pantomime, called "Queen Mab," was produced at Drury-Lane Theatre, which had 'a great run,' as it is called. By the copy of the music of this piece, it appears to have been 'composed by the Society of the Temple of Apollo.' Who *composed* this society, it may be difficult to ascertain, and also, whether they were the *composers*, or merely the *importers* of the music; but, certain it is that the air of 'Pray Goody,' appears at p. 22, called 'The First Fairy Dance,' as an allegro, and *sine notis variorum*, though with an accompaniment. I am therefore induced to hope that this is a real English air, and that it may safely be added to our few genuine national melodies. Little, if any, of Rousseau's music, could at that period, (1750) have arrived, or become popular in England. His *Devin du Village*, which I believe was one of his earliest musical compositions, was produced at Paris, in 1753. Unless, therefore, some express evidence or authority to the contrary can be produced, 'Pray Goody,' must be taken from the French, and restored to the British Apollo."

O'Hara's drift in the construction of this piece, has frequently been discussed; and the writers upon the subject have concurred in attributing to him some more important aim than that of exciting a laugh. One of them will have it that his design was to render the heathen mythology ridiculous; another that he wished to bring Italian Operas into disrepute; while a third makes the momentous discovery that a sly political meaning lies hidden under all his fun. For our own parts, we see no reason for supposing that he had any thing in view beyond the production of a pleasant entertainment, without caring much for the instruments with which he effected his purpose. To satirise the gods of the ancients, in an assembly, the majority of whom know nothing about the matter, cannot be deemed a very happy idea, nor are the incongruities of an Italian Opera, much less caviare to the general. Both of these subjects, however, will stand the shock of stronger ridicule than O'Hara has here brought to bear against them, if we must perforce admit the existence of such a design in the composition. That he might

intend some of the characters as satires upon political adversaries, is somewhat more probable, for if we are not misinformed, he had a strong bias to that species of annoyance ; but, if so, the individuals are now forgotten, and the allusions to them lost.

Of O'Hara's history, few particulars are recorded ; and, unfortunately, research has not enabled us to add any thing to the meagre account of him, given in the "*Biographia Dramatica*." We are there told that he was a native of Ireland, a younger brother of a genteel family, and resided near Dublin ; that his appearance and manners by no means gave promise of the humour that enlivens all his writings ; that he had an exquisite musical taste, and great skill in burlesque. He died, June 17, 1782, having for some years been deprived of his eye-sight. Besides "*Midas*," he wrote the "*Golden Pippin*," burletta, 1773. The "*Two Misers*," a Musical Farce, 1775. "*April Day*," burletta, 1777. "*Tom Thumb*," burletta, (altered) 1780. "*Midas*" was originally performed as a first piece, in three acts ; but is now judiciously reduced to two. Burlesque, even in its cleverest form, soon tires an audience ; and a dramatist should never venture upon more than a brief experiment of the kind.

P. P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and twenty minutes.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. is meant, Right Hand.
 L.H. Left Hand.
 S.E. Second Entrance.
 U.E. Upper Entrance.
 M.D. Middle Door.
 D.F. Door in flat.
 R.H.D. Right Hand Door.
 L.H.D. Left Hand Door.

Costume.

MIDAS.

Old fashioned spotted velvet suit.

DAMETAS.

Drab-coloured frock, red waistcoat and leather breeches.

SILENO.

Blue country coat, flowered waistcoat and buff breeches.

SHEPHERD.

Drab coat, leather belt, &c.

PAN.

Hairy dress of goat skin.

JUPITER.

Scarlet robe and white tunic.

APOLLO.

Light blue,—ibid.

VULCAN.

Brown tunic, leather apron, &c.

GANIMEDE.

Blue tunic, flesh-coloured legs, sandals, &c.

MERCURY.

White,—ibid.

MARS.

Roman dress, lambrookeens and helmet.

BACCHUS.

Green tunic, trimmed with grapes, &c.

DAPHNE.

White petticoat and apron, trimmed with grey and pink, and grey stay bodice, trimmed with pink.

NYSA.

Ibid.

MYSIS.

Black gown, red stuff petticoat, point apron, high crowned hat and red cloak.

Persons Represented.

As originally acted.

<i>Jupiter</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Legg.
<i>Juno</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Stephens.
<i>Apollo</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Mattocks.
<i>Momus</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Dibdin.
<i>Mercury</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Baker.
<i>Pan</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Dunstall.
<i>Midas</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Shuter.
<i>Damætas</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Sileno</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Beard.
<i>Mysis</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Poitier.
<i>Daphne</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Miller.
<i>Nysa</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Hallam.
<i>Oracle</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Waylen.

Drury Lane. Covent Garden.

<i>Midas</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Munden.	Mr. Liston.
<i>Sileno</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Taylor.
<i>Damætas</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Comer.
<i>Jupiter</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. T. Cooke.	Mr. Isaacs.
<i>Pan</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Apollo</i>	-	-	-	-	Madame Vestris.	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Mysis</i>	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Bland.	Mrs. Liston.
<i>Daphne</i>	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Sterling.
<i>Nysa</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss Povey.	Miss M. Tree.
<i>Juno</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss Cubitt.	Mrs. Bishop.

MIDAS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The curtain rising discovers the heathen deities seated amidst the clouds, in full council. they address JUPITER in the following chorus.*

CHORUS OF ALL THE GODS.

*Jove, in his chair,
Of the sky lord may'r,
With his nods
Men and gods
Keeps in awe;
When he winks,
Heaven shrinks;
When he speaks,
Hell squeaks;
Earth's globe is but his toe
Cock of the school,
He bears despotic rule;
His word,
Though absurd,
Must be law.
Even Fate,
Though so great,
Must not prate;
His bald pate
Jove would cuff,
He's so bluff,
For a straw.*

*Cow'd deities,
Like mice in cheese,
To stir must cease,
Or gnaw.*

Jup. (Rising.) Immortals, you have heard your plaintive sov'reign,
And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern,
Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
On our commands? We'll make him an example.
As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your emperor.

Juno. I'll take the law.—(*To Jupiter.*)—My proctor,
with a summons,
Shall cite you, sir, t'appear at Doctor's Commons.

Jup. Let him—but first I'll chase from heaven you
varlet.

Juno. What, for detecting you and your vile barlot!

AIR.—JUNO.

*Think not, lewd Jove,
Thus to wrong my chaste love;
For, spite of your rakehell's godhead,
By day and by night,
Juno will have her right,
Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.
I'll ferret the haunts
Of your female gallants;
In vain you in darkness enclose them,
Your favourite jades
I'll plunge to the shades,
Or into cows metamorphose them.*

Jup. Peace, termagant—I swear by Styx, our thunder
Shall hurl him to the earth.—Nay, never wonder,
I've sworn it, gods.

Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience,
Papa.—No bowels for your own relations!

AIR.—APOLLO.

*Be by your friends advised,
 Too harsh, too hasty dad!
 Mangre your bolts and wise head,
 The world will think you mad.
 What worse can Bacchus teach men,
 His roaring bucks, when drunk,
 Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
 And stagger to some punk?*

Jup. You saucy scoundrel—there, sir.—(*Strikes him*)—
 Come, disorder,

Down, Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no further.
 Roll, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about him.
 The blab shall find our sky can do without him.—(*Thunder
 and lightning. Jupiter darts a bolt at him; he falls—
 Jupiter re-assumes his throne, and the gods all ascend
 together, singing the initial chorus; "Jove in his chair," &c.*

SCENE II.—*A champaign country, with a distant village.
 Violent storm of thunder and lightning. A shepherd
 sleeping in the field, is roused by it, and runs off, in
 frightened, leaving his cloak, hat, and guitar, behind
 him.*

(*Apollo, as cast from heaven, falls to the earth, with a
 rude shock, and lies for awhile stunned; at length he
 begins to move, rises, advances, and looking forward,
 speaks.*)

Apol. Zooks! what a crush! a pretty, decent tumb! '
 Kind usage, Mr. Jove—sweet sir, your humble.
 Well, down I am;—no bones broke, though sore pepper'd!
 Here doom'd to stay.—What can I do?—turn shepherd—
 (*Puts on the cloak, &c.*)

A lucky thought.—In this disguise, Apollo
 No more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow
 Nor doubt I, with my voice, guitar, and person,
 Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

Enter SILENO, L.H.

Sil. Whom have we here ? a sightly clown !—and sturdy :
Hum—plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy.
Seems out of place—a stranger—all in tatters ;
I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters.
Whence, and what art thou, boy ?

Pol. An orphan lad, sir.

Pol is my name—a shepherd once my dad, sir,
I'th' upper parts here—though not born to serving,
I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.

Sil. You've drawn a prize i'th' lottery—so have I too ;
Why, I'm the master you could best apply to.

DUET.—APOLLO and SILENO.

Sil. Since you mean to hire for service,
Come with me, you jolly dog ;
You can help to bring home harvest,
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.
Fal, lal, la.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed ;
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Buttermilk, and oaten bread.
Fal, lal, la.

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home ;
And when daily labour's over,
We'll dance to your strum-strum.
Fal, lal, la.

Pol. I strike hands, I take your offer,
Farther on I may fare worse ;
Zooks, I can no longer suffer
Hungry guts and empty purse.
Fal, lal, la.

Sil. Do strike hands ; 'tis kind I offer ;

Pol. I strike hands, and take your offer ;

(*Together.*)
Sil. Farther seeking you'll fare worse;
Pol. Farther on I may fare worse.
Sil. Pity such a lad should suffer,
Pol. Zooks, I can no longer suffer,
Sil. Hungry guts and empty purse,
Pol. Hungry guts and empty purse.

Fal, lal, lu.

[*Exeunt, L.H. dancing and singing.*]

SCENE III.—*Sileno's Farm-House.*

Enter DAPHNE and NYSA, R.H.

Daph. But, Nysa, how goes on 'Squire Midas's courtship?

Nysa. Your sweet Damætas, pimp to his great worship.
 Brought me from him a purse; but the conditions—
 I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions,

Daph. The moon-calf! This must blast him with my
 father.

Nysa. Right; so we're rid of the two frights together

Both. Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha!

Enter MY SIS, L.H.

Mysis. Hey-day! what mare's nest's found!—For ever
 grinning:

Ye rantipoles—is't thus you mind your spinning?

(*Crosses to centre.*)

AIR.—MY SIS.

*Girls are known
 To mischief prone,
 If ever they be idle;
 Who would rear
 Two daughters fair,
 Must hold a steady bridle;
 For here they skip,
 And there they trip,
 And this and that way sidle.*

*Giddy maids,
 Poor silly jades,
 All after men are gadding;
 They flirt pell-mell,
 Their train to swell,
 To coxcomb, coxcomb adding
 To ev'ry fop
 They're cock-a-hoop,
 And set their mothers maddling.*

Enter SILENO, introducing POL, L.H

Sol. Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you grumble
 At too hard toil;—I chanc'd just now to stumble
 On this stout drudge—and hur'd him—fit for labour

(Puts him over)

To 'em, lad—then he can play, and sing, and caper

Mysis. Fine rubbish to bring home; a strolling thrummer!
 What art thou good for? speak, thou ragged mummer?

(To Pol)

Nysa. Mother, for shame—

Mysis. Peace, saucebox, or I'll maul you.

Pol. Goody, my strength and parts you undervalue.
 For his and your work, I am brisk and handy.

Daph. A sad cheat else—

Mysis. What you, you jack-a-dandy?

AIR,—POL.

*Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your
 tongue:*

*Why flush those sparks of fury from your eyes?
 Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is
 strong:*

A stranger why will you despise?

Fly me,

Try me,

Prove 'ere you deny me:

If you cast me

Off, you blast me

Never more to rise.

Pray, goody, &c.

Mysis. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.

Nysa. With what sweet temper he bears all her snubbing!

Sil. Oons, no more words.—Go, boy, and get your dinner. [*Exit Pol.* R.H.]

Fie, why so cross-grain'd to a young beginner?

Nysa. So modest!

Daph. So genteel!

Sil. (*To Mysis.*) Not pert, nor lumpish.

Mysis. Would he were hang'd!

Nysa. & *Daph.* La! mother, why so frumpish!

QUARTETTO.

Nysa. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd
To the gentle, handsome swain?

Daph. To a lad so limb'd, so featur'd,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

Sure 'tis cruel, &c.

Mysis. Girls, for you, my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account;

Sil. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me,
I will rule, depend upon't.

Nysa. Ah! Ah!

Daph. Mamma!

Nysa. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd

Daph. Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd and featur'd!

Nysa. To the gentle, handsome swain,

Daph. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;

Nysa. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;

Daph. To the gentle, handsome swain.

Mysis. Girls, for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account;

Sil. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me,
I will rule, depend upon't.

Nysa. Mamma!

Mysis. Pshaw! pshaw!

Daph. Papa,

Sil. Ah! ah!

Daph. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd,

Sil. Pshaw, pshaw, you must not be so ill-natur'd,

Nysa. Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd, ~~so featur'd!~~

Daph. To the gentle, handsome swain.

Sil. He's a gentle handsome swain.

Nysa. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

Mysis. 'Tis my pleasure to give pain.

Daph. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

Sil. He's a gentle handsome swain.

Nysa. To the gentle handsome swain.

Mysis. To your odious, fav'rite swain. [Exit, R. H.]

SCENE IV.—*Midas's House.*

Enter MIDAS and DAMÆTAS, L. H.

Mid. Nysa, you say, refus'd the guineas British.

Dam. Ah! please your worship—she is wondrous skittish.

Mid. I'll have her, cost what 'twill. Odsbobs, I'll force her—

Dam. The halter—

Mid. As for madam—I'll divorce her.

Some favour'd lout incog our bliss opposes.

Dam. Ay, Pol, the hind, puts out of joint our noses.

Mid. I've heard of that Pol's tricks, of his sly tampering

To fling poor Pan but I'll soon send him scampering:

'Sblood, I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows!

Where is old Pan?

Dam. Tippling, sir, at th' alehouse.

Mid. Run fetch him—we shall hark on some expedient
To rout this Pol.

Dam. I fly;—(*Going returns.*)—sir, your obedient.

[Exit, L. H.]

Mid. What boots my being 'squire,

Justice of peace, and quorum;

Churchwarden—knight o'the shire,

And custos rotulorum;

If saucy little Nysa's heart, rebellious,

My 'squireship slights, and hankers after fellows?

AIR.—MIDAS.

*Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
 Dare my amours to cross?
 Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woos,
 Her nose up at him toss?
 No: I'll kidnap—then possess her:
 I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange:
 So glut to the height of pleasure,
 My love and my revenge.
 No; I'll kidnap, &c.* [Exit, R.H.]

SCENE V.—A Village Alehouse Door.

PAN is discovered sitting at a table, with a tankard, pipes,
 and tobacco, before him; his bagpipes lying by him.

AIR.—PAN.

*Jupiter wenches and drinks,
 He rules the roast in the sky;
 Yet he's a fool if he thinks
 That he's as happy as I;
 Juno rates him,
 And grates him,
 And leads his highness a weary life;
 I have my lass,
 And my glass,
 And stroll a bachelors merry life.
 Let him fester,
 And bluster,
 Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow;
 To my fair tulips,
 I glue lips,
 And clink the cannikin here below.*

Enter DAMASTAS, L.H.

Dam. There sits the old soaker, his pate troubling little
 how the world wags, so he gets drink and vittles.—

Ho, master Pan—'Gad, you've trod on a thistle !
 You may pack up your all, sir, and go whistle. ,
 The wenches have turn'd tail—to yon buck ranter ;
 Ticked by his guitar—they scorn your chanter.

AIR.—DAMÆTAS.

All around the maypole how they trot.

Hot

Pot,

And good ale have got ;

Routing,

Shouting,

At you flouting,

Fleering,

Jeering,

And what not.

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad

Lad,

Glad

To see us sad :

Cap'ring,

Vap'ring ;

While Pol, scraping,

Coaxes

The lasses

As he did the dad.

Round about, &c.

[*Exit, R II*

Enter MYSTIS, L.H.

Mystis. O Pan ! the devil to pay, both my sluts frantic !
 Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antic.
 But I'll go seek 'em all—and if I find 'em,
 I'll drive 'em—as if old nick were behind 'em.

(*Going, R.H.*)

Pan. Soa, soa,—don't bounce ;

Avast—disguise your fury.

Pol we shall trounce ;

Midas is judge and jury.

AIR.—MYSIS.

*Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
To see my purposes thus counteracted !
This way or that way, or which way soever,
All things run contrary to my endeavour.*

*Daughters projecting
Their ruin and shame,
Fathers neglecting
The care of their fame;
Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;
Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper*
[*Exeunt, R H*]

SCENE VI.—*A Wood and Lawn near Sileno's Farm*

A tender slow symphony; Enter DAPHNE, L.H. crosses, melancholy and silent; and exit, R H. NYSA watching her

Nysa. O ho; is it so—Miss Daphne in the dumps?
Mum—snug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance
Shall make her stir her stumps.

*To all her secret haunts,
Like a shadow I'll follow and watch her;
And, faith, mamma shall hear on't if I catch her.*
[*Retires, R H*]

Re-enter DAPHNE, R.H.U.E.

Daph. La; how my heart goes pit-a-pat; what thumping,
E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin.

AIR.—DAPHNE.

*He's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er stept in leather shoe;
And what's better, he'll love me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.
Though my sister cast a hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do;
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.*

*Hither I stole out to meet him,
 He'll no doubt my steps pursue;
 If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
 If he's false—I'll fit him too.*

Enter POL, L.H.

Pol. Think o'the devil—'tis said,
 He's at your shoulder—
 This wench was running in my head,
 And pop—behold her.

AIR.—POL.

*Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish:
 At your feet a tender swain,
 Prays you will not let him languish,
 One kind look would ease his pain.
 Did you know the lad who courts you,
 He not long needs sue in vain:
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you
 Scarce will meet his like again.*

Daph. Sir; you're such an olio
 Of perfection in folio,
 No damsel can resist you;
 Your face so attractive,
 Limbs so supple and active,
 That, by this light,
 At the first sight,
 I could have run and knock'd you.

AIR.—DAPHNE.

*If you can caper, as well as you modulate,
 With the addition of that pretty face,
 Pan, who was held by our shepherds a god of state,
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.
 His beard so frouzy, his gestures so awkward are,
 And his bagpipe has so drowsy a drone,
 That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
 You may count on all the girls as your own.*

Mysis. (*From within.*) Pol, Pol, make haste, come hither.

Pol. Death, what a time to call;

Oh! rot your old lungs of leather.

B'ye, Daph.

Daph. B'ye, Pol.

[*Exit Pol, L. II.*]

Enter NYSA, R.H.U.E.

Nysa. Marry come up, forsooth,
Is't me, you forward vixen,
You choose to play your tricks on;
And could your liquorish tooth
Find none but my sweetheart to fix on?

Daph. Marry come up again,
Indeed, my dirty cousin!
Have you a right to every swain?

Nysa. Ay, though a dozen.

DUET.—DAPHNE and NYSA.

Daph. *My minikin miss, do you fancy that Pol
Can ever be caught by an infant's doll?*

Nysa. *Can you, Miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
In love with the giantess of Guildhall?*

Daph. *Pigmy elf,*

Nysa. *Colossus itself,*

Both. *You will lie till you're mouldy upon the shelf.*

Daph. *You stump o'th' gutter, you hop o'my thumb,
A husband for you must from Lilliput come.*

Nysa. *You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
Your husband must come from Brobdignay*

Daph. *Sax's grapes,*

Nysa. *Lead apes;*

Both. *I'll humble your vanity, Mistress Trapes*

Daph. *Miss, your assurance,*

Nysa. *And, miss, your high airs*

Daph. *Is past all endurance*

Nysa. *Are at their last pray'rs.*

Daph. *No more of these freedoms, Miss Nysa, I beg.*

Nysa. *Miss Daphne's conceit must be lowered a peg.*

Daph. *Poor spite!*

Nysa. *Pride hurt!*

Daph. *Liver white!*

Nysa. *Rare sport!*

Daph. *Do show your teeth, spitfire, do, but you can't bite;*

Nysa. *This haughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt*

Poor spite, &c.

Pride hurt, &c.

[Exeunt, L.H. squabbling.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Grove.*

Enter NYSA, L.H. followed by MIDAS.

Mid. Turn, tygress, turn; nay fly not—

I have thee at a why not.

How comes it, little Nysy,

That heart to me so icy

Should be to Pol like tinder,

Burnt up to a very cinder?

Nysa. Sir, to my virtue ever steady

Firm as a rock

I scorn your shock;

But why this attack?

A miss can you lack

Who have a wife already?

Mid. Ay, ay, there's the curse—but she is old and sickly

And would my Nysa grant the favour quickly,

Would she yield now—I swear, by the lord Harry,

The inoment inadam's coffin'd—her I'll marry.

AIR.—MIDAS.

O what pleasures will abound,

When my wife is laid in ground!

*Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,
When my wife is laid in ground.
Oh, how happy should I be,
Would little Nysa pig with me !
How I'd mumble her,
Touze and tumble her,
Would little Nysa pig with me !*

Nysa. Young birds alone are caught with chaff,
At your base scheme I laugh.

Mid. Yet take my vows.

Nysa. I would not take your bond, sir,—

Mid. Half my estate—

Nysa. No, nor the whole—my fond sir. [*Exit R.H.*]

Mid. Well, Master Pol I'll tickle,

For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle :

When he's in limbo,

Not thus our hoity-toity miss

Will stick her arms a-kimbo.

Enter PAN, L.H.

Pan. So, squire, well met—I flew to know your business

Mid. Why, Pan, this Pol, we must bring him on his knees.

Pan. That were a feat indeed ;—a feat to brag on.

Mid. Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a flagon ;
I'll make him skip—

Pan. As St. George did the dragon. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before Midas's house.*

Enter NYSA, R.H.

Nysa. Good lack ! what is come o'er me ?
Daphne has stepp'd before me !
Envy and love devour me.
Pol dotes upon her phiz hard !
'Tis that sticks in my gizzard.

Midas appears now twenty times more hideous.
 Ah, Nysa, what resource?—a cloister.
 Death alive—yet thither must I run,
 And turn a nun,
 Prodigious!

AIR.—NYSA.

*In these greasy old tatters
 His charms brighter shine :
 Then his guitar he clatters
 With tinkling divine ;
 But my sister,
 Ah ! he kiss'd her,
 And me he pass'd by ;
 I'm jealous
 Of the fellow's
 Bad taste and blind eye.* [Exit, L. H.]

SCENE III.—Midas's Parlour.

MIDAS, MYNIS, and PAN, discovered in consultation over
a large bowl of Punch, Pipes, and Tobacco.

Mid. Come, Pan, your toast.

Pan. Here goes our noble umpire.

Mysis. And Pol's defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.

Mid. Hang him, in every scheme that whelp has cross'd us

Mysis. Sure he's the devil himself ;

Pan. Or Doctor Faustus.

Mysis. Ah, 'squire—for Pan would you but stoutly stickle,
 This Pol would soon be in a wretche¹ tickle.

Pan. You reason right—

Mid. His toby I shall tickle.

Mysis. Look, 'squire, I've sold my butter, here the price is
 At your command, do but this job for Mysis.
 Count'em—six guineas and an old Jacobus ; \

Keep Pan, and shame that scape-grace coram nobis.

Mid. Goody, as 'tis your request,
 I pocket this here stuff ;
 And as for that there peasant,
 Trust me, I'll work his buff.

At the musical struggle
 I'll bully and juggle;
 My award's
 Your sure card;

'Sblood, he shall fly his country—that's enough.

Pan. Well said, my lad of wax.

Mid. Let's end the tankard,
 I have no head for business till I've drank hard.

Pan. Nor have my guts brains in them till they're addle,
 When I'm most rocky, I best sit my saddle.

Mid. Well, come, let's take one bouze, and roar a catch,
 Then part to our affairs.—

Pan. A match.

Mysis. A match.

TRIO.—MIDAS, PAN, and MYNIS.

Mid. Master Pol

And his toll de roll loll,

I'll buffet away from the plain, sir.

Pan. And I'll assist

Your worship's fist

With all my might and main, sir.

Mysis. And I'll have a thump,

Though he is so plump,

And makes such a wounded racket.

Mid. I'll bluff,

Pan. I'll rough,

Mysis. I'll huff,

Mid. I'll cuff,

All. *And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.*

Mid. For all his cheats,

And wenching feats,

He shall rue on his knees 'em;

O skip, by goles,

As high as Paul's

Like ugly witch on besom

Arraigned he shall be,

Of treason to me!

Pen. And I with my davy will back it.

I'll swear,

Mbd. I'll snare,

Mysis. I'll tear,

All O rare!

And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

SCENE IV.—*A Landscape.*

Enter SILENO and DAMÆTAS, L.H. in warm argument.

Sil. My Daph, a wife for thee; the 'squire's base pander!
To the plantations sooner would I send her.

Dam. Sir, your good wife approv'd my offers.

Sil. Name her not, hag of Endor,
What knew she of thee but thy coffers?

Dam. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jack-an-apes,
By dint of congees and of scrapes—

Sil. These are thy slanders and that canker'd hag's—

Dam. A thing made up of pilfer'd rags!

Sil. Richer than thou with all thy brags
Of flocks, and herds, and money bags.

DUET.—SILENO and DAMÆTAS

Sil. If a rival thy character draw,
In perfection he'll find out a flaw,
With black he will paint,
Make a de'il of a saint,
And change to an owl a maccaw.

Dam. Can a father pretend to be wise,
Who his friend's good advice would despise?
Who, when danger is nigh,
Throws his spectacles by,
And blinks through a green girl's eyes?

Sil. You're an impudent pimp and a grub

Dam. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub;
Your betters you snub.

Sil. Who will lend me a club,
 This insolent puppy to drub?
 You're an impudent pimp and a grub,
Hum. You're cajol'd by a beggarly scrub,
Sil. Who will rot in a powdering tub,
Dam. Whom the prince of impostors I dub;
Sil. A guinea for a club,
Dam. You're bald pate you'll rub,
Sil. This muckworm to drub.
Dam. When you find that your cub,
Sil. Rub off, sirrah, rub, sirrah, rub.
Dam. ~~Is debauch'd~~ by a whipp'd syllabub.

Enter MYSIS, L.H. attended by DAPHNE and NYSA.

Mysis. Soh! you attend the trial—we shall drive hence
 Your vagabond—

Sil. I smoke your foul contrivance.

Daph. Ah, Nys, our fate depends upon this issue—

Nysa. Daph—for your sake my claim I here forego
 And with your Pol much joy I wish you.

Daph. O, gemini, say'st thou me so?

Dear creature, let me kiss you.

Nysa. Let's kneel, and beg his stay, papa will back us.

Daph. Mamma will storm.

Nysa. What then! she can but whack us.

QUINTETTO.

DAPHNE, NYSA, MYSIS, SILENO and DAMÆTIAS

Daph. Mother, sure you never

Will endeavour

To dis sever

From my favour

So sweet a swain;

None so clever

E'er trod the plain.

Nysa. Father, hopes you gave her,

*Don't deceive her,
Can you leave her
Sunk for ever
In pining care?
Haste and save her
From black despair.*

*Daph. Think of his modest grace,
His voice, shape, and face;*

Nysa. Hearts alarming,

Daph. Bosoms warming,

Nysa. Wrath disarming,

Daph. With his soft lay;

Nysa. He's so charming,

Ay, let him stay.

Both. He's so charming, &c.

Mysis. Sluts, are you lost to shame?

Sil. Wife, wife, be more tame.

Mysis. This is madness!

Sil. Sober sadness!

Mysis. I with gladness

Could see him swing,

For his badness.

Sil. 'Tis no such thing.

Dam. Must Pan resign to this fop his employment?

Must I to him yield of Daph the enjoyment?

Mysis. Ne'er while a tongue I brandish,

Fop outlandish

Daph shall blandish.

Dam. Will you reject my income,

Herds and clinkum?

Sil. Rot and sink 'em.

Dam. Midas must judge.

Mysis. And Pol must fly.

Sil. Zounds, Pol sha'n't budge:

Mysis. You lie.

Dam. You lie.

*Mysis. }
Dam. } You lie, you lie.
Sil. }*

Enter MIDAS, L.H. enraged, attended by a crowd of Nymphs and Swains.

Mid. Peace, ho ! Is hell broke loose ? what means this jawing ?
Under my very nose this clapper-clawing !

AIR.—MIDAS.

*What the devil's here to do,
Ye loggerheads and gipsies !
Sirrah you, and hussy you,
And each of you tipsy is ;
But I'll as sure pull down your pride as
A gun, or as I'm justice Midas,*

Chorus. O, tremendous justice Midas !
Who shall oppose wise justice Midas !

AIR.—MIDAS.

*I'm given to understand that you are all in a pothier here ;
Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall pipe to you another year.
Do you think your clumsy ears so proper to decide, as
The delicate ears of justice Midas ?*

Chorus. O, tremendous, &c.

Mid. So, you allow it then—ye mobbish rabble !—

Enter POL, R.H. and PAN, L.H.

Oh, here comes Pol and Pan—now stint your gabble.
Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this squabble.

AIR.

*Now I'm seated,
 I'll be treated
 Like the Sophi on his throne;
 In my presence,
 Scoundrel peasants
 Shall not call their souls their own.
 " My behest is,*
 " He who best is,
 " Shall be fix'd musician chief;"
 Ne'er the loser
 Shall show nose here,
 But be transported like a thief.*

Chorus. O tremendous, &c.

Dam. Masters, will you abide by this condition?

Pan. I ask no better.

Pol. I'm all submission.

Pan. Strike up, sweet sir.

Pol. Sir, I attend your leisure.

Mid, Pan, take the lead.

Pan. Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

AIR.

*A plague on your pother about this or that,
 Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat;
 I'm sharp by my humpers, you're a flat, master Pol,
 So here goes a set-to at toll de roll loll*

" When beauty her rack of poor lovers wou'd hamper.

" And after miss Will-o'-the-Wisp the fools scamper:

" Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol:"

" Pray what's all this fuss for, but—toll de roll loll?"

Mankind are a medley—a chance-medley race:

All start in full cry, to give dame Fortune chase

There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all,

And luck's the best tune of life's toll de roll loll.

* The lines marked with inverted commas are sometimes omitted

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long!

Mid. Not at all.

I only meant life is but an old song.

The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll;

Where all act the scene of toll de roll loll.

Peasants. A Pan!—a Pan!

Mid. By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age;
Now, hang dog, don't you blush to show your visage?

Pol. Why, master Midas, for that matter,

'Tis enough to dash one,

To hear the arbitrator,

In such unseemly fashion,

*One of the candidates bespatter,**

With so much partial passion.

(Midas falls asleep.)

AIR.—POL.

Ah, happy hours, how fleeting,

Ye danc'd on down away:

When, my soft vows repeating,

At Daphne's feet I lay!

But from her charms when sunder'd,

As Midas' frowns presage,

Each hour will seem an hundred;

Each day appear an age.

Peasants. A P ! ! a Pol !—a Pan ! a Pan !

Mid. Siler 'e—this just decree, all, at your peril,
Obedient hear—else I shall use you very ill.

THE DECREE.

Pan shall remain,

Pol quit the plain.

Chorus, O, tremendous, &c.

Mid. All bow with me to mighty Pan—enthroned him—
No pouting—and with festal chorus crown him—

(*The crowd form two ranks beside the chair, and join in the Chorus, whilst Midas crowns him with bays. He is then carried round the stage, the dancers leaping the way to the Chorus.*)

Chorus. See triumphant sits the bard,
Crown'd with bays, his due reward;
Exil'd Pol shall wander far;
Exil'd, twang his saint guitar;
While with echoing shouts of praise,
We the bagpipe's glory raise.

Mid. 'Tis well.—What keeps you here, you ragamuffin?
Go trudge—or do you wait for a good cuffing?

Pol. Now all attend—

(*Throws off his disguise, and appears as Apollo*)
The wrath of Jove, for rapine,
Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.
Tremble, thou wretch; thou stretch'd thy utmost tether;
Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

AIR.—POL.

*Dunce I did but sham,
For Apollo I am,
God of music, and king of Parnass,
Thy scurvy decree,
For Pan against me,
I reward with the ears of an ass.*

(*Midas's wig falls off, and he appears with the ears of an ass.*)

"*Mid.* Detected, balk'd, and small,
" On our marrow-bones we fall.
" *Mysis.* Be merciful.
" *Dam.* Be pitiful.
" *Mid.* Forgive us, mighty Sol.—Alas! alas!

From the Press of W. Oxberry,
8, White Hart Yard.



Orberry's Edition.

THE SPOILED CHILD,

A FARCE.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
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PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET,
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, PALL-MALL.

1822.

**From the Press of W. Oxberry,
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Remarks.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

In common with numerous other pieces, "The Spoiled Child" owes its existence entirely to the cleverness of an actress in a particular description of parts. It is, indeed, "The Romp," with another title, and, we may be well assured that, but for Mrs. Jordan's excellence as *Priscilla Tomboy*, *Little Pickle* would never have been heard of.

Any person who has merely *read* the piece, must certainly deem it an unaccountable circumstance that a composition so utterly despicable has kept constant possession of the stage since the season of its first performance—a period of more than thirty years; nor can its success, we presume, have appeared much less surprising to its author. Produced on a benefit night, to answer a temporary purpose, the mere ephemeral existence usually experienced by such things was doubtless all that was looked for, and, unfortunate playwrights may derive some consolation under their mishaps, from the recollection that, while "The Spoiled Child" has been running a career of popularity, many of the productions of Inebbald, Cumberland, Colman, and O'Keefe, after seeking in vain for a portion of similar favour, have been laid aside for ever. Theorists, too, who maintain that the observation of certain antiquated rules is indispensably necessary in the construction of a drama formed to acquire and preserve applause, have here a practical exemplification of the fallibility of their doctrines. They assure us that a plot curiously contrived, characters vigorously conceived, and conversing in a language at once natural and animated, must by no means be wanting, yet, who will assert that the trouble of achieving these brilliant qualities is not lost labour, when he finds that this production succeeded perfectly well, without possessing a shadow of any of them?

Of a thing so completely worthless as a literary composition, what more need be, or can be, said? "We call a nettle but a nettle, and the faults of fools but folly," and

are therefore constrained to express our indignant regret at being compelled to class amongst our stock-pieces, a mere vehicle for practical jokes, almost too absurd to excite the laughter of children. No choice, however, is left us. "We who live to please," must sometimes yield a point of opinion, when the abandonment involves no dereliction of principle; and, since the public choose to prolong "The Spoiled Child's" existence upon the stage, it must necessarily take its place in a collection which is intended to comprise every *acting-drama*.

The name of its author is unknown: for, all inquiries upon the subject have hitherto failed to unravel the important mystery. Being produced on Mrs. Jordan's benefit-night, it was at first placed to her account; but she "repelling the soft impeachment," the honour of its parentage was transferred to Mr. Ford, at that period, the lady's particular friend. Soon afterwards, when played at Liverpool, it was advertised as the production of Isaac Bickersstaffe, who, long before, had quitted the country, under circumstances of a very disgraceful nature. The real author, however, notwithstanding his literary imbecility, seems to have possessed some share of common-sense, and wisely kept himself concealed. The composition of such a thing, is an offence against good taste, which few men would be courageous enough to avow themselves guilty of. P. P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and forty minutes.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.	is meant	Right Hand.
L.H.		Left Hand
S.E.		Second Entrance.
U.E.		Upper Entrance.
M.D.		Middle Door.
D.F.		Door in flat
R.H.D.		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.		Left Hand Door.

Costume.

OLD PICKLE.

Old fashioned suit of brown cloth.

LITTLE PICKLE.

First dress — Light blue jacket and trousers, white waistcoat — Second dress, — Dark blue jacket and trousers, red waistcoat.

TAG.

Old crimson coat, flowered waistcoat and black satin breeches.

SERVANTS.

Liveries appropriate.

MISS PICKLE.

Old fashioned silk dress.

MARIA.

A white frock.

MARGERY.

Coloured gown, white apron, and black bonnet.

SUSAN.

A smart coloured gown.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Dunelm Lane.</i>	<i>Church Garden</i>	<i>Haymarket.</i>
<i>Pickle</i>	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Simmons	Mr. Williams
<i>Little P</i>	Mad Vestris.	Mrs. T. Hill.	Mrs. Baker.
<i>Tag</i> -	Mr. Elliston	Mr. Liston	{ Mr. Tayleure Mr. Osberry.
<i>John</i> -	Mr. Keeley.	Mr. King	Mr. Hammond.
<i>Thomas</i>	Mr. Moreton.	Mr. Heath.	Mr. Ebsworth.
<i>James</i> -		Mr. Grant.	Mr. Coates.
<i>Miss P</i> -	Mrs. Harlowe.	Mrs. Davenport	Mrs. Pearse.
<i>Maria</i> -	Miss Smithson.	Miss Shaw.	Mrs. Jones.
<i>Margery</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Mrs. Coates.	Mrs. Kendall.
<i>Susan</i> -	Mrs. Sheldon.	Mrs. Whitmore.	Mrs. R. Jones

THE SPOILED CHILD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A dining parlour.*

Enter OLD PICKLE and MISS PICKLE, R.H.

Pick. (R.H.) Well, well, sister, a little patience and these holidays will be over, the boy then goes back to school, and all will be quiet.

Miss P. Aye, till the next breaking up—no, no, brother, unless he is severely punished for what he has already done, depend upon it, this vicious humour will be confirmed into habit, and his follies increase in proportion with his years.

Pick. Now would not any one think, to hear you talk, that my son had actually some vice in him? For my part, I own there is something so whimsical in all his tricks, that I cannot in my heart but forgive him; aye, and for aught I know, love him all the better into the bargain.

Miss P. Yes, truly, because you have never been a sufferer by them: had you been rendered as ridiculous as I have been by his tricks, as you call them, you would have been the first to complain and punish.

Pick. Nay, as to that, he has not spared even his father—Is there a day passes that I don't break my shins over some stumbling block he lays in my way?—Why there is not a door but is armed with a bason of water on the top, and just left a-jar, so that egad, I can't walk over my own house without running the risk of being wet through.

Miss P. Ay, no wonder the child's spoiled, since you will superintend his education yourself—you, indeed!

Pick. Sister, sister, do not provoke me—at any rate, I have wit enough to conceal my ignorance, I don't pretend to write verses and nonsense as some folks do.

Miss P. Now would you rail at me for the disposition I was born with—can I help it, if the gods have made me poetical, as the divine bard says.

Pick. Made you poetical, indeed!—s'blood, if you had been born in a street near a college, aye, or even the next door to a day-school, I might not have been so surprised—but d—n it, madam, in the middle of the Minorities, what had you to do with poetry and stuff!

Miss P. Provoking ignorance!

Pick. Have you not rendered yourself the sneer of all your acquaintance, by your refined poetical intercourse with Mr. Tag, the author, a fellow that strolls about the country, spouting and acting in every barn he comes to?—was he not once found concealed in your closet, to the utter scandal of my house, and the ruin of your reputation?

Miss P. If you had the smallest spark of taste, you would admire the effusions of Mr. Tag's pen, and be enchanted at his admirable acting as much as I am.

Pick. Do you tell me I can't educate my own child, and make a lord chancellor, or an archbishop of Canterbury of him, which ever I like, just as I please?—(*Young Pickle by a string draws the chair, Old Pickle falls.*)

Miss P. How's this—I'll lay my life that is another trick of this little mischievous wretch.

Pick. (*Getting up.*) An ungrateful little rascal, to serve me such a trick, just as I had made an archbishop of him—but he can't be far off—I'll immediately correct him, here, Thomas!—(*Going, meets Thomas and Servants bringing in covers for dinner.*)—But odso, here's dinner—well, I'll defer my severity till that's over—but if I don't make him remember this trick one while, say my name is not Pickle.—(*They sit down to table, Pickle cutting up a pheasant.*)—Sister, this is the first pheasant we have had this season, it looks well—shall I help you—they say anger makes a man dry, but mine has made me hungry—come, here's a wing for you, and some of the breast.

Enter SUSAN in haste, L.H.

Sus. Oh, dear sir—oh, dear madam—my young master—the parrot, ma'am—oh dear!

Pick. Parrot, and your young master; what the deuce does the girl mean?

Miss P. Mean! Why as sure as I live that vile boy has been hurting my poor bird.

Sus. Hurting, ma'am—no indeed, ma'am; I'll tell you the whole truth—I was not to blame, indeed I wasn't, ma'am; besides, I am morally certain 'twas the strange cat that killed it this morning.

Miss P. How! killed it say you?—but go on, let us hear the whole.

Sus. Why, ma'am, the truth is, I did but step out of the kitchen for a moment, when in comes my young master, whips the pheasant that was roasting for dinner from the spit, and claps down your ladyship's parrot, picked and trussed, in its place.

Pick. The parrot!—the devil.

(Spits out the piece he was about to swallow.)

Sus. I kept basting and basting on, and never thought I was basting the parrot.

Miss P. Oh, my sweet, my beautiful young bird, I had just taught it to talk, too.

Pick. You taught it to talk—it taught you to talk, you mean; I am sure it was old enough; 'twas hatched in the hard frost!

Miss P. Well, brother, what excuse now?—but run, Susan; and do you hear, take John, and—

Enter JOHN, L.H. slowly and lame, his face bound up.

Oh John, here's a piece of business.

John. Ay, ma'am, sure enow—what you have heard, I see—business indeed—the poor thing will never recover.

Miss P. (Joyfully.) What, John, is it a mistake of Susan's—is it still alive?—but where—where is it, John?

John. Safe in stable, and it were as sound—a' made her a hot mash, wouldn't touch it—so crippled will never have leg to put to ground again.

° SPOILED CHILD.

Pick. No, I'll swear to that—for here's one of them.

(*Holding up a leg on a fork.*)

Miss P. What does the fool mean? what—what, what is in the stable—what are you talking of?

John. Master's favourite mare, Daisy, madam—poor thing—

Pick. (*Alarmed.*) What!—how?—anything the matter with Daisy? I would not part with her for—

John. Aye, sir, quite done up—wont fetch five pounds at the next fair.

Miss P. This dunce's ignorance distracts me—come along, Susan.

[*Exit with Susan, L.H.*]

Pick. Why, what can it be? what the devil ails her?

John. Why, sir, the long and the short of the whole affair is as how—he's cut me too all across the legs—mercy I did not lose my eyes.

Pick. This cursed fellow will drive me mad—the mare, you scoundrel, the mare.

John. Yes, sir, the mare—then too, my shins—Master Salve, the surgeon, says I must 'toint 'em wi—

Pick. Plague on your shins—you dog—what is the matter with the mare?

John. Why, sir, as I was coming home this morning over Black Down, what does I see but young master tearing over the turf upon Daisy, thof your honour had forbid him to ride her—so I calls to him to stop—but what does he do, but smacks his whip in my face, and dash over the gate into Stonney Lane; but what's worse, when I rated him about it, he snatches up Tom Carter's long whip, and lays me so over the legs, and before I could catch hold of him, he slips out of the stable, and was off like a shot.

Pick. Well, if I forgive him this—no—I'll send him this moment back to school.—School! zounds, I'll send him to sea.

Enter MISS PICKLE, L.H.

Pick. Well, brother, yonder comes your precious child entering all the way up stairs to himself, some fresh of, I suppose.

John. Aye, here he comes—stand back—let us watch him, hgh I can never contain my passion long.

(*They withdraw to the back of the stage*)

Enter LITTLE PICKLE, L.H.

Little P. Well, so far all goes on rarely, dinner must be nearly ready; old Poll will taste well, I dare say;—parrot and bread sauce—ha! ha! ha!—they suppose they are going to have a nice young pheasant, an old parrot is a greater rarity, I'm sure—I can't help thinking how devilish tough the drumsticks will be—a fine piece of work aunt will make when it's found out—ecod, for aught I know, that may be better fun than the other: no doubt Sukey will tell, and John too, about the horse—a parcel of sneaking fellows, always tell, tell, tell.—I only wish I could catch them at school once—that is all—I'd pay them well for it. I'd be bound.—Oh! oh! here they are, and as I live, my father and aunt—it's all out I see—to be sure, I'm not got into a fine scrape now; I almost wish I was safe at school again.—(*They come forward.*)—Oh, sir, how do you do, sir? I was just coming to—

Pick. Come, come, no fooling now—how dare you look me in the face after the mischief you have done?

Little P. What—what have I done?

Pick. You know the value I set upon that mare, you have spoiled for ever.

Little P. But, sir, hear me—indeed I was not so much to blame, sir, not so very much.

Miss P. Do not aggravate your faults by pretending to excuse them—your father is too kind to you.

Little P. Dear sir, I own I was unfortunate—I had heard you often complain, how wild and vicious little Daisey was; and indeed, sir, I never saw you ride her, but I trembled lest some sad accident might befall you.

Pick. Well, and what is all this to the purpose?

Little P. And so, sir, I resolved, sooner than you should suffer, to venture my own neck, and so try to tame her for you; that was all—and so I was no sooner mounted than off she set—I could not help that you know, sir; and so this misfortune happened; and so, sir—but indeed, sir—

Pick. Could I be sure this was your motive—and 'tis purely love and regard for your old father makes you thus tease and torment him—perhaps I might be inclined to—

THE SPOILED CHILD.

John. Yes, sir, but 'tis no love and regard to me made him beat me so—

Little P. John, you know you were to blame.—Sir, indeed the truth is, John was scolding me for it, and when I told him as I have told you, why I did it, and that it was to hinder you from being hurt, he said that it was no business of mine, and that if your neck was broke it was no such great matter.

Pick. What—no great matter to have my neck broke?

Little P. No, sir; so he said; and I was vexed to hear him speak so of you, and I believe I might take up the whip, and give him a cut or two on the legs—it could not hurt him much.

Pick. Well, child, I believe I must forgive you, and so shall John too; aye, aye.—But I had forgot poor Poll—what did you roast the parrot for, you young dog?

Little P. Why, sir, I knew you and my aunt were both so fond of it, I thought you would like to see it well dressed.

Pick. Ha, ha, ha!—

Little P. But dear aunt, I know you must be angry with me, and you think with reason.

Miss P. Don't speak to me, I am not so weak as your father, whatever you may fancy.

Little P. But indeed, aunt, you must hear me; had I not loved you as I do, I should not have thus offended you, but it was merely my regard for your character.

John. Character! [*Pickle kicks him off, L.H.*]

Little P. My dear aunt, I always heard that ladies keep parrots or lap-dogs, till they can no longer keep lovers—and when, at school, I told 'em you had a parrot, the boys all said, then you must be a foolish old maid.

Miss P. Indeed!—impudent young wretches.

Little P. Yes, aunt, and so I resolved you should no longer be thought so—for I think you are a great deal too young, and too handsome for an old maid.

(*Taking her hand.*)

Pick. Come, sister, i'faith you must forgive him, no female heart can withstand that.

Miss P. Brother, you know I can forgive where I see occasion; but though these faults are thus excused, how will you answer to a charge of scandal and ill-nature.

Little P. Ill-nature, madam—I'm sure nobody can accuse me of that.

Miss P. How will you justify the report you spread, my being locked up in my closet with Mr. Tag, the author—can you defend so vile an attempt to injure my reputation?

Pick. What, that too, I suppose, was from your care of her character—and so to hinder your aunt from being an old maid, you locked her up in her closet with this author, as he is called.

Little P. Nay, indeed, dear madam, I beseech you—'twas no such thing—all I said was, you were amusing yourself in your closet with a favourite author.

Miss P. I amuse myself in my closet with a favourite author! worse and worse.

Pick. Sister, have patience—hear——

Miss P. I am ashamed to see you support your boy in such insolence—I, indeed! who am scrupulous to a fault! but no longer will I remain subject to such impertinence, I quit your house, sir, and you shall quit all claim to my fortune—this moment will I alter my will, and leave my money to a stranger, sooner than to your family. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Pick. Her money to a stranger, leave her money to a stranger! Oh! the three per-cent. consols—Oh, the India stock—go, child—fly, throw yourself at your aunt's feet—say any thing to please her—I shall run distracted.—Oh! those consols—

Little P. I am gone, sir—I'll tell her she may die as soon as she pleases, but she must not give her money to a stranger.

Pick. Aye, aye, there's a good boy, say any thing to please her, that will do very well—say she may die as soon as she pleases, but she must not leave her money to a stranger.—[*Exit, Little P. R.H.*—] Sure never man was so tormented—well, I thought when my poor dear wife, Mrs. Pickle died, and left me a disconsolate widower, I stood some chance of being a happy man; but I know not how it is, I could bear the vexation of my wife's bad temper better than this woman's. All my married friends were as miserable as myself—but now—faith, here she comes, and in a fine humour, no doubt.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

Enter MISS PICKLE, R.H.

Miss P. Brother, I have given directions for my immediate departure, and am now come to tell you, I will persist in my design, unless you this moment adopt the scheme I yesterday proposed for my nephew's amendment.

Pick. Why, my dear sister, you know there is nothing I would not readily do to satisfy and appease you—but to abandon my only child—to pretend that he is not mine—to receive a beggar's brat into my arms—impossible!

Miss P. (Going.) Very well, sir, then I am gone.

Pick. But sister, stop—was ever man so used—how long is this scheme of yours to last? how long am I to be deprived of him?

Miss P. How long! why until he is brought duly to reflect upon his bad behaviour, which nothing will induce him to do, so soon as thinking himself no longer your son, but the child of poor parents—I yesterday spoke to Margaret, his old nurse, and she fully comprehends the whole affair.

Pick. Why, to be sure, as you say, 'twill reform him—and as we shall have our eyes upon him all the while, and Margaret, his own nurse—

Miss P. You may be sure she will take care of him—well, since this is settled, the sooner 'tis done the better—Thomas!

Enter THOMAS, R.H.

Send your young master. [*Exit THOMAS, R.H.*]

Pick. I see you are finally resolved, and no other way will content you.—Well, heaven protect my poor child.

Enter LITTLE PICKLE, R.H.

Little P. Did you send for me, aunt?

Pick. Child, come hither; I have a great secret to disclose to you, at which you will be much surprised.

Little P. A secret, sir!

Miss P. Yes, and one that requires your utmost courage to hear—you are no longer to consider that person as your

father, he is not so—Margaret, who nursed you, has confessed, and the thing is sufficiently proved, that you are not his son, but hers—she exchanged you when an infant for my real nephew, and her conscience has at last compelled her to make the discovery.

Little P. I another person's child!—impossible!—ah! you are only joking with me now, to see whether I love you or not, but indeed—(*To Pickle.*)—I am your's—my heart tells me I am only your's.

Pick. I am afraid you deceive yourself—there can be no doubt of the truth of Margaret's account; but still assure yourself of our protection—but no longer can you remain in this house, I must not do an injury to my own child—you belong to others—to them you must now go.

Little P. Must I then give up all I hold dear—believe me it is not the privation of riches I regret, but the happiness I have ever, till now, experienced of calling you father—you aunt. At least forgive me the faults I have committed—you cannot, sure, in pity deny me that.

SONG.—LITTLE PICKLE.

Tune—Je suis Linder.

*Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,
To quit each object of my infant care;
Torn from an honour'd parent's tender love,
And driven the keenest storms of fate to bear.
Ah! but forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.*

*Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly state,
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here;
And perhaps when musing o'er my cruel fate,
You still may greet me with a tender tear.
Ah! then forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Parlour.*

Enter Miss PICKLE and MARGERY, L.H.

Mar. And so, as I was telling your ladyship, poor little master does so take it to heart, and so weep and wail, it almost makes me cry to hear him.

Miss P. Well, well, since he begins already to repent, his punishment shall be but short; have you brought your boy with you?

Mar. Aye, have I—poor Tommy, he came from a-board a ship but now, and is so grown, and altered—sure enough, he believes every word I have told him, as your honour ordered me, and I warrant, is so sheepish and shamefaced—but here comes my master—he has heard it all already.

Enter PICKLE, L.H.

But, my lady—shall I fetch my poor Tommy to you, he's waiting without.

Pick. What, that ill-looking young rascal in the hall?—he with the jacket and trowsers.

Mar. Ay, your honour!—what, then, you have seen him.

Pick. Seen him!—ay, and felt him too.—The booby met me bolt at the corner, run his cursed carotty poll full in my face, and has loosened half the teeth in my head, I believe.

Mar. Poor lad! he's a sailor, and but awkward as yet, and so shy, I warrant—but will your honour be kind to him?

Pick. Kind to him? Why, I am to pass for his father—am not I?

Mar. Aye, I wish your honour had been poor Tommy's father—but no such luck for me, as I say to my husband.

Pick. Indeed!—Your husband must be very much obliged to you, and so am I.

Mar. But do, your honour, see my poor Tommy once dressed in his fine smart clothes.

Pick. Damme! I don't half like that Tommy.

Miss P. Yes, yes, you shall—but now go and fetch him here to us; I should like much to see him.

Mar. (*Going.*) Do you now, madam, speak kindly to him—for, poor boy, he's quite dashed. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Pick. Yes, and he has dashed some of my teeth out—plague on him.

Miss P. Now, Mr. Pickle, I insist upon your observing a proper decorum and behaviour towards this poor lad; observe the condescension of my deportment—methinks I feel a strange inclination already in his favour, perhaps I may advance him by and bye, to be my page—shall I, brother? Oh, here he comes—and I declare, as pre-possessing a countenance as ever I beheld.

Enter MARGERY and LITTLE PICKLE as a sailor boy, L.H.

Come hither, child: was ever there such an engaging air?

Mar. Go, Tommy, do as you are bid, there's a good boy—thank his honour for his goodness to you.

Little P. Be you the old fellow that's just come to be my father?

Pick. (*Aside.*) Old fellow! he's devilish dashed to be sure—yes, I am the old fellow, as you call it—will you be a good boy?

Little P. Ay, but what will you gi' me?—must I be good for nothing?

Pick. (*Mimicking.*) Good for nothing! nay, that I'll swear you are already. Well, and how long have you been come from sea, eh? how do you like a sailor's life?

SONG.—LITTLE PICKLE.

(NO SYMPHONY.)—Tune—Malton Oysters.

*I am a brisk and sprightly lad,
But just come home from sea, sir;
Of all the lives I ever led,
A sailor's life for me, sir.
Yeo, yeo, yeo—Yeo, yeo, yeo.
Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,
With a yeo, yeo, yeo, sir.*

*What girl but loves the merry tar ?
 We o'er the ocean roam, sir;
 In every clime we find a port,
 In every port a home, sir.
 Yeo, yeo, yeo, &c. &c.*

*But, when our country's foes are nigh,
 Each hastens to his gun, sir;
 We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,
 And bang the haughty Don, sir.
 Yeo, yeo, yeo, &c. &c.*

*Our foes subdued, once more on shore,
 We spend our cash with glee, sir;
 And when all's gone, we drown our care,
 And out again to sea, si. .
 Yeo, yeo, yeo—Yeo, yeo, yeo.
 And when all's gone, again to sea,
 With a yeo, yeo, yeo, sir.*

Pick. So this is the way I am to be entertained in future, with forecastle jokes, and tarpauling songs.

Miss P. Brother, do not speak so harshly to the poor lad, he's among strangers, and wants encouragement—come to me, my pretty boy, I'll be your friend.

Little P. Friend! oh, what you're my grandmother—father, must not I call her granne?

Pick. What! he wants encouragement, sister—yes, poor soul, he's among strangers—he's found out one relation, however, sister—this boy's assurance diverts me—I like him.
 (*Aside.*)

Little P. Granne's mortish cross and frumpish—la, father, what makes your mother, there, look so plaguy foul-weathered.

Miss P. Mother, indeed!

Pick. Oh, nothing at all, my dear, she's the best humoured person in the world—go, throw yourself at her feet, and ask her for her blessing—perhaps she may give you something.

Little P. A blessing! I sha'n't be much richer for that

neither—perhaps she may give me half a crown. I'll throw myself at her feet, and ask her for a guinea—(*Kneels.*)—Dear granne, give me your picture. (*Catches hold of it.*)

Miss P. Stand off, wretch, am I to be robbed, as well as insulted?

Mar. Fie, child, learn to behave yourself better.

Little P. Behave myself—learn you to behave yourself; I should not have thought of you indeed—get you gone—what do you here? [*Beats her out and Exit, L.H.*]

Pick. Well, sister, this plan of your's succeeds I hope to your satisfaction—he'll make a mighty pretty page, sister—what an engaging air he has, sister! this is some revenge for her treatment of my poor boy. (*Aside.*)

Miss P. I perceive this to be all a contrivance, and the boy is taught to insult me thus—you may repent of this unparalleled treatment of unprotected innocence. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Pick. What, she means her lover, the player-man, I suppose; but I'll watch her, and her consols too; and if I catch him again in my house, it shall be his last appearance this season, I can tell him that; and the next part he plays shall be Captain Macheath in the prison scene, egad. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter LITTLE PICKLE, R.H.

Little P. There they go, ha, ha, ha! my scheme has gone on rarely, rather better than theirs, I think.—Blessing on the old nurse for consenting to it—I'll teach 'em to turn people out of doors.—Let me see, what trick shall I play 'em now?—suppose I set the house on fire—no—no—'tis too soon for that as yet—that will do very well by and bye—let me consider—I wish I could see my sister; I'll discover myself to her, and then we might contrive something together nicely—that staircase leads to her room, I'll try and call her.—(*Goes to R.H.D. and listens.*)—There's nobody in the way!—Hist! hist!—Maria—Maria—she hears me, she's coming this way. (*Runs and hides himself.*)

Enter MARIA, R.H.D.

Maria. Sure somebody called me.—(*Looks around.*)—No, there's nobody here—heigho—I've almost cried myself

blind about my poor brother, for so I shall always call him, aye, and love him too. (*Going.*)

Little P. (*Running forward.*) Maria!—sister!—s open instant.

Maria. My brother!—Charles—impossible.

Little P. 'Tis e'en so; and faith, 'twas all a trick about the nurse and child; I coaxed the old woman to confess the whole to me—you can't contrive to kill yourself for the loss of me, can you?—that would have a fine effect—is there nothing I can think of?—Suppose you pretend to fall in love with me, and we run away together.

Maria. That will do admirably—depend upon my playing my part with a good will, for I owe them some revenge for their treatment of you; besides, you know I can refuse you nothing.

Enter OLD PICKLE behind, L.H.U.E.

Little P. Thank you a thousand times, my dearest Maria—thus then we'll contrive it.—(*Seeing Pickle coming behind, they pretend to whisper.*)

Pick. What! how's this!—"Dear Maria! and I'll refuse you nothing!"—Death and the devil, my daughter has fallen in love with that young scoundrel and his yeo, yeo, yeo—she, too—she embraces him—(*Comes forward.*)—Mighty well, young madam—'tis mighty well—but come, you shall be locked up immediately, and you, you young rascal, be whipped out of the house.

Little P. You will not be so hard-hearted, sure—we will not part—here is my anchor fixed—here am I moored for ever.—(*Pickle takes hold of her, and endeavours to take her away, she resists, and Little Pickle detains her by the hand.*)

Maria. (*Romantically.*) No—we'll never part—Oh, cruel, cruel fate.

Pick. He's infected her with his assurance already.—What, you young minx, do you own you love him?

Maria. Love him! sir, I adore him, and in spite of your utmost opposition, ever, ever shall.

Oh, ruined! undone—what a wretched old man I
it, Maria, child—

Maria. Think not to dissuade me, sir—vain attempt—no, sir, my affections are fixed, never to be recalled.

Pick. Oh dear, what shall I do? what will become of me? Oh, a plague on my plots—I've lost my daughter, and for aught I know, my son too—why, child, he's a poor beggar, he's not worth a six-pence.

Maria. My soul abhors so low a thought—I despise wealth—know, sir, I cherish nobler sentiments.

*The generous youth shall own,
I love him for himself alone.*

Pick. What, poetry too—nay then, it is time to prevent further mischief—go to your room—a good key shall assure your safety. and this young rascal shall go back to sea, and his yeo, yeo, yeo, if he will.

Maria. (*Going, R.H.*) I obey your harsh commands, sir, and am gone—but, alas! I leave my heart behind.

[*Exit, R.H.D.*]

Pick. Now, sir, for you—don't look so audacious; sirrah; don't fancy you belong to me—I utterly disclaim you.

Little P. (*Laughing.*) But that is too late now, old gentleman; you have publicly said I was your son, and d—n me, I'll make you stand to it, sir. (*Threatening.*)

Pick. The devil—here is an affair!—John, Thomas, William—

Enter SERVANTS, L.H.

'Take that fellow, and turn him out of doors immediately—take him, I say—

Servants. Fellow! who, sir?

Pick. Who! why zounds, him there; don't you see him?

John. What, my new young master—No, sir, I've turned out one already, I'll turn out no more.

Pick. He's not your young master—he's no son of mine—away with him, I say.

Sus. No, sir, we know our young master too well for all that; why he's as like your honour as one pea is like another.

[*Exit*]

John. Ay, heaven bless him, and may he shortly succeed your honour in your estate and fortune.

Pick (*In a passion, walking up and down.*) Rogues! villains! I am abused, robbed—(*Turns them out*)—there's a conspiracy against me, and this little pirate is at the head of the gang.

Enter THOMAS, L.H. with a letter

Thomas. A letter, sir.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Pick. Odso, this is from my poor boy, I see—this is a comfort, indeed. Well, I'll send for him home now without delay.—(*Reads.*)—

Honoured sir, I heartily repent of having so far abused your goodness, whilst I was blest with your protection; but as I fear no penitence will ever restore me to your favour, I have resolved to put it out of my power again to offend you, by instantly bidding adieu to my country for ever.

Here, John, run, go directly to Margery's and fetch home my son, and—

Little P. (*Interrupting him*) You may save yourself the trouble, 'tis too late, you'll never bring him too now, make as many signals, or fire as many guns as you please.

Pick. What do you mean?

Little P. Mean, why he and I have changed births, you know.

Pick. Changed births!

Little P. Ay, I'm got into his hammock, and he's got into mine, that's all; he's some leagues off at sea, by this time, the tide serves, the wind is fair, and Botany Bay's the word, my boy.

Pick. Botany Bay! well, I'll instantly see if 'tis true, and if it be, I'll come back, just to blow your brains out, and so be either hanged or sent to Botany Bay after him.

Little P. Ecod I like a sailor's life, so well, I wouldn't care if I were one in reality.

SONG.—LITTLE PICKLE.

*Poll, dang it! how d'ye do? Nan want you gi' us a buss?
 Why what's to do with you? here's a pretty fuss;
 I'll go to sea no more, father he says so,
 For I'm the little sailor boy, capering on shore.*

*Father he apprenticed me, all to a coasting ship,
 I were resolved, d'ye see, to give to them the ship;
 I went to Yarmouth fair, where I had been before,
 Father came and found me there, capering on shore.*

*Next out to India, I went a guineez pig,
 Then went to Table Bay, there's a pretty rig:
 Ship driven out to sea, left me and many more,
 All among the Hottentots, capering on shore.*

*I love a bit of a hop, life's none the worse for that,
 If in my way should drop, a fiddle, that's you're sort;
 Thrice tumble up ahoy, once get our labour o'er,
 Then see the sailor boy, capering on shore.*

(*Hornpipe.—Tune "College Hornpipe."*)

[*Exit, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*A garden.—A seat in a bower, much shaded with trees.*

Enter MISS PICKLE, L.H.

Miss P. This is the hour of my appointment with Mr. Tag, and my brother's absence is favourable indeed—well, after such treatment, can he be surprised if I throw myself into the arms of so passionate an admirer? My fluttering ear tells me this is an important crisis in my happiness—how much these vile men have to answer for, in thus bewitching us silly girls!

Tag. (Repeats behind the scenes.)

*The heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me,*

Enter TAG, L.H.

*My longing eyes may hope, at last,
Their only joy to see.*

Thus, most charming of her sex, do I prostrate myself before
the shrine of your beauty. (Kneels.)

Miss P. Mr. Tag, I fear I never can be yours.

Tag. Adorable, lovely, the most beautified Ophelia. (1)

(1) I have here generally read the following Rhapsodical Address to
Miss Pickle, and "with good approbation."—ED.

IN HER EXCELLENT WHITE BOSOM THERE.

*To that angelic, immaculate, divine, most refulgent, scintillating,
luminous, and all-rivifying constellation of virgin excellence, and saint-
like purity, these prolific, effervescent, exuberant effusions of an ardent
and faithful muse, are dedicated with the deepest profundity of shunning
respect, and blazing admiration, to Miss Bridget Pickle, by her most
enslaved admirer,*

AUGUSTUS NERO HANNIBAL SCIPIO TAG.

Oh ! Billy Cupid, hear my prayer,
And aid a wretched love sick player,
Whose heart to rags with love is torn,
And scratch'd with doubts scarce to be borne,
Whose soul is harrow'd up with grief,
'Till naught but Pickle gives relief.
Not pickled onions 'tis I mean,
Nor pickled cabbage, red or green,
Nor pickled girkins, small or big,
Nor pickled pork, nor pickled pig,
Nor pickled tarragon, nor samphire,
'Tis purer far than pickled camphire.
Not pickle brought from foreign shore,
Nor any pickle known before.
A pickle 'tis in all complete,
And when at table serv'd up neat,
Its beauties I perforce must own,
Surpasses beef when roasted brown,
Or turkies, pigeons, snipes, wild-geese,
Wood-cocks, or widgeons, ducks and peas.

Miss P. Indeed, Mr. Tag, you make me blush with your compliments

Tag. Compliments! oh! call not by that hacknied term the voice of truth—lovely nymph, ah! deign to hear me, I'll teach you what it is to love.

Miss P. Love—dear Mr. Tag—Oh! moderate your transports—be advised, think no more of this fatal passion.

Tag. Think no more of it!

*Can love be controll'd by advice,
Will Cupid our mothers obey?*

Oh, then, consent, my angel, to join our hearts in one, or give me my death in a bumper.

Miss P. (Aside.) Can I refuse any thing to such a lover?—but were I, my dear friend, to consent to our tender union, how could we contrive to escape? my brother's vigilance would overtake us, and you might have reason to repent of his anger.

Tag. Oh, he's a Goth, a mere Vandyke, my love.

*But fear makes the danger seem double,
Say, Hymen what mischiefs can trouble.*

have contrived the plot, and every scene of the elopement; but in this shady blest retreat will I unfold it all—let's sit down, like Jessica and the fair Lorenzo, here.

*Would you taste the noon-tide air,
To yon fragrant bower repair.*

(They sit in the bower.)

Since music is the food of love, we'll to the nightingale's complaining notes, tune our distresses and accord our woes.

But pickle, *ad infirum* bright,
A constellation, blaze of light—
'Tis brightest day, midst darkest night!—
A pickle 'tis of virgin fame,
And *Bridget Pickle* is its name.
Then, Billy Cupid, be not tickle,
Inspire the heart of sweet Miss Pickle
To reap love's harvest with thy sickle,—
Oh! Pickle! Pickle! Pickle!! Pickle!!!

While Tag is singing in burlesque, enter LITTLE PICKLE from behind, who steals round the stage and gets behind the bower, and sews their clothes together, then goes quietly L.H.U.E. unperceived by them.

Miss P. Oh! I could listen thus for ever to the united charms of love and harmony—but how are we to plan our escape?

Tag. In a mean and low attire, muffled up in a great cloak and disguised with a large hat, will I await you in the happy spot—but why, my soul—why not this instant fly—this moment will I seize my tender bit of lamb—d—m me there I had her as dead as mutton. *(Aside.)*

Miss P. No, I am not yet equipped for an elopement and what is of more consequence still, I have a casket of jewels prepared, rather too valuable to leave behind.

Tag. That is of some consequence, indeed, to me.

*My diamond, my pearl,
Then be a good girl,
Until I come to you again.*

Miss P. Come back again in the disguise immediately and if fortune favours faithful lovers' vows, I will contrive to slip out to you.

Tag. Dispose of me, lovely creature, as you please, but don't forget the casket.

LITTLE PICKLE runs in, L.H.U.E

Little P. Granne! granne!

Tag. Granne!—D—m me!

Miss P. What rude interruption is this?

Little P. Nothing at all—only father is coming, that's all

Tag. The devil he is—what a catastrophe!

(Both rise.)

Miss P. One last adieu.—*(Embracing.)*—Think you we shall ever meet again?

(They find themselves fastened together, and struggle)

Tag. D—m me! if I think we shall ever part.

Miss P. *(Tenderly.)* Don't detain me, wont you let me go?

Tag. Zounds, I wish you were gone.—(*They struggle, and at last get free, and run off, Miss Pickle, R.H. and Tag, H.U.E.*)

Enter PICKLE, L.H.U.E.

Pick. Well, all's not so bad as I feared—he is not yet gone to sea, and Margery assures me I shall see him ere long, quite another thing from what he was—but now let me look after my sister—though she made me play the fool, I'll take care to prevent her—I must not give up the consols too—but odso, I have not yet seen my daughter, I'll to her first, at young yeo, yeo, yeo, should get her shipped off—and when I have secured fifteen, I'll look after fifty—but who's mung here?

Enter MISS PICKLE, R.H. with a casket.

Miss P. (Passing over to the bower.) Mr. Tag, Mr. Tag—I hope he is returned—how I tremble—kind Cupid, guide your votary's feeble steps—Oh, my dear Mr. Tag, take the casket, and let us make haste, that we may escape before my brother comes.—(*Catches hold of Little Pickle, who is behind the bower, disguised as Tag. Little Pickle seizes her hand. They run towards Old Pickle, who comes forward and stops them.*)

Pick. Your most obedient humble servant, madam—well and fifty, egad—sir, your most obsequious, Mr. Alexander, fr. Romeo—John—William—Thomas,—(*Culling the servants*)—you sha'n't want attendants, mighty prince; but mayhap you had rather sleep in a castle, great hero; we have convenient goal close by, where you'll be very safe, most lustrous chief.

Miss P. Heavens! a goal! poor dear Mr. Tag, a victim to his love for me—oh, let us implore his forgiveness—intreat him to release you. (*To Tag.*)

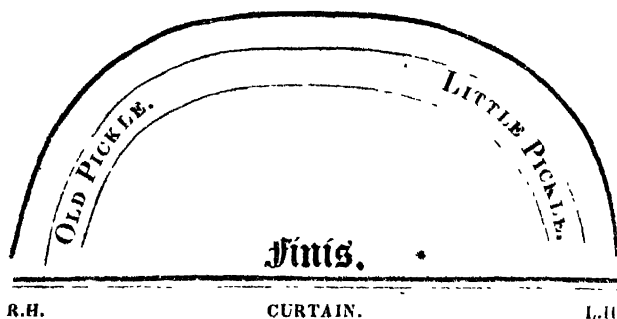
Little P. (Kneels, throws off his disguise as Tag, and appears in his own hair, though still in the sailor's dress.) Thus let me implore for pardon, and believe, that a repentance so sincere as mine, will never suffer my heart again to wander from its duty towards him.

Pick. What's this? my son!—(*Embracing Little Pickle.*)

—Ods my heart, I'm glad to see him once more—but you wicked scoundrel, how did you dare play me such tricks!

Little P. Tricks! Oh, sir, recollect you have kindly pardoned them already; and, if these our kind and generous spectators will but own they have been amused by my efforts, I shall be tempted once more to transgress.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.





Oxberry's Edition.

BON TON;

OR,

HIGH LIFE ABOVE STAIRS.

A FARCE.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET,
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, PALL-MALL.

1822.

Robert J. Nicholson Feb 18 1871
Acem. No. 5730 Date 1871

Press of W. Oxberry,
White-Hart Yard.

Remarks.

The second title—"High Life *above* Stairs,"—which is generally prefixed to this farce, shews plainly enough whence the author derived the hint of his drama, and the views he had in composing it. The satire of "High Life Below Stairs" having succeeded in exposing and diminishing the profligacy of domestics, he has here aimed at effecting a similar reformation amongst their employers, by placing the follies of fashionable life in a very odious and contemptible point of view. Whether the picture is quite correct, we pretend not to determine; but, it appears to have been thought so by the writer's contemporaries, with whom it was a remarkable favourite. He indeed rested his chance of success upon strong ground, for the writer who inveighs bitterly against foreign fashions, manners, servants, and cookery; the dissipation of the higher orders; and the contamination their morals are said to experience from a residence abroad, adopts an almost infallible method of securing applause in an English Theatre. The latter was an incessant topic of lamentation among the croakers of the last generation. Johnson's jocose remark that "all foreigners are fools," was by them parodied into "all foreigners and knaves;" and the Grand Tour was believed to place in jeopardy both the souls and bodies of those who were so weak as to undertake it. For a quarter of a century, during the exclusion of our youth from France and Italy, the apprehensions of moralists upon this score were suffered to lie dormant; but, with the return of peace has returned the old pause, and we are again in danger of seeing our comedies and farces filled with monstrous caricatures of travelled fops, infected with all the vices, real and imaginary, of our continental neighbours.

The piece before us is rather a comedy in miniature than a farce, according to the notions at present entertained of the latter class of compositions. We are accustomed to look for a far stronger species of excitement than sufficed to tickle the palates of our grandfathers; and, after having fed upon the highly seasoned dishes of equivocal and ludicrous incidents placed before us by modern farce-writers, we have little stomach for mere satire, however spirited, or delineations of character, however accurate. The after-pieces of Colman and O'Keefe have completely driven from the stage those of Garrick and Foote; and though we esteem the old compositions highly, their successors have so many fascinating quali-

ties, that we scarcely know how to regret the change.—
 “Not that we love Cæsar less, but that we love Rome more.”

We should nevertheless regret to see “Bon Ton” banished altogether from the Theatre. The dialogue is delightfully lively; the unsophisticated integrity of the country knight is excellently contrasted with the polished heartlessness of his town relatives; and the readiness with which the domestics ape the follies of their superiors, is handled in a manner which seems clearly to betray the pen that lashed their knavery in “High Life Below Stairs.” The paucity of incident somewhat tasks the patience of a modern audience; yet the situations at the close of the first act are highly effective, and few surprises are better contrived than that in the second. *Sir John Trotley’s* lamentations over the decay of old fashions, and his antipathy to modern improvements, seem to have supplied the hint of a popular character in one of Mr. Jameson’s comedies, which has hitherto enjoyed the credit of being perfectly original. *Dary* and *Jessamy* are pleasant reprobates, and *Miss Tittup* is a most captivating coquette. Of her virtue perhaps we must not speak very highly; but as in the end, her rigid uncle seems to be satisfied upon that point, and the lady declares, as usual, that her head and not her heart was in fault, we shall not be so ill-bred as to question her veracity.

The moral of this piece has been warmly commended, though we scarcely know for what reason. Gaming and some other fashionable vices are satirized, ’tis true; but, the intrigues of two dissipated females, whose chastity totters throughout, and is at last preserved by mere accident, though they may serve to amuse young ladies and gentlemen of eighteen, are not likely to contribute much to their edification; especially as the culprits do no harsher penance for their folly than that of taking “a little country air,” while their would-be seducers march off triumphantly.

“Bon Ton” was first performed at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 18th of March, 1775, and was printed in the same year, with the following encomium upon Mr. King prefixed to it. Such a compliment, proceeding at the close of his career from such a man as Garrick, must have imparted to on gratification to the object of it:—

his little drama was brought out last season for the benefit of Mr. King, as a token of regard for one, who, during a long season, was never known, unless confined by real illness, to disappoint the public, or distress the manager.” P. P.

Costume.

LORD MINIKIN.

French coat, white waistcoat and breeches.

SIR JOHN TROTLEY.

Brown suit, trimmed with silver.

COLONEL TIVY.

Blue regimental coat, white waistcoat and breeches.

DAVY.

Old-fashioned livery.

JESSAMY.

Slate-coloured coat, white waistcoat and breeches.

LADY MINIKIN.

White satin dress, trimmed with silver.

MISS TITTUP.

White sarsnet dress, trimmed with pink, and white crape upper dress.

GYMP.

Blue muslin gown and white apron.

Persons Represented.

		<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden</i>
<i>Lord Minikin,</i>	-	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Sir John Trotley,</i>	-	Mr. Downton.	Mr. W. Farren 1
<i>Colonel Tivy,</i>	-	Mr. Barnard.	
<i>Jessamy,</i>	-	Mr. Russell.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Davy,</i>	-	Mr. Munden.	Mr. Emery
<i>Mignon,</i>	-	Mr. Buxton.	Mr. Menage.
<i>Lady Minikin,</i>	-	Mrs. Edwin.	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Miss Tittup,</i>	-	Miss Kelly.	Miss Brunton.
<i>Gymp,</i>	-	Mrs. Scott.	Miss Green.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

*Fashion in every thing bears sov'reign sway,
And words and periwigs have both their day;
Each have their purlieus too, are modish each
In staid districts, wigs as well as speech.
The Tyburn scratch, thick club, and Temple tye,
The parson's feather-top, frizz'd broad and high!
The coachman's cauliflower, built tiers on tiers!
Differ not more from bags and brigadiers,
Than great St. George's, or St. James's styles,
From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.*

*What is Bon Ton? Oh, damme, cries a Buck—
Half drunk—ask me, my dear, and you're in luck!
Bon Ton to swear, break windows, beat the watch;
Pick up a wench, drink healths, and roar a catch.
Keep it up, keep it up! damme, take your swing!
Bon Ton is Life, my boy; Bon Ton's the thing!*

*Ah! I loves life, and all the joys it yields—
Says Madam Fusseck, warm from Spital-fields.
Bone Tone's the space 'twixt Saturday and Monday,
And riding in a one-horse chair o' Sunday!*

*'Tis drinking tea on summer afternoons
At Bagnigge-Wells, with china, and gilt spoons!
'Tis laying by our stuffs, red cloaks, and pattens,
To dance Cow-tillions, all in silks and laces!*

*Vulgar! cries Miss. Observe in highest life
The feather'd spinster, and thrice feather'd wife!
The Club's Bon Ton. Bon Ton's a constant trade
Of Rant, Festino, Ball, and Masquerade!
'Tis plays and puppet-shows; 'tis something new!
'Tis losing thousands ev'ry night at loo!
Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reason;
'Tis stiff French stays, and fruit when out of season;*

PROLOGUE.

*A rose, when half a guinea is the price;
A set of bays, scarce bigger than six mice
To visit friends you never wish to see;
Marriage 'twixt those, who never can
Old dowagers, drest, painted, patch'd,
This is Bon Ton, and this we call the world!
Such is Bon Ton! and walk this city through
In building, scribbling, fighting, and sport,
And various other shapes, 'twill rise to view.
To-night our Bayes, with bold, but careless hints,
Hits off a sketch or two, like Daryl's prints.
Should connoisseurs allow his rough draughts strike 'em.
'Twill be Bon Ton to see 'em and to like 'em.*

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is one hour and a half.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.	is meant	Right Hand.
L.H.		Left Hand.
S.E.		Second Entrance.
U.E.		Upper Entrance.
M.D.		Middle Door.
D.F.		Door in flat.
R.H.D.		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.		Left Hand Door.

TON TON; OR, LIFE ABOVE STAIRS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Lord Minikin's.*

Enter LADY MINIKIN and Miss TITTUP, R.H.

MISS T. ~~My dear~~ *My dear*, that I have the least regard for my lord; I had no love for him before I married him, and you know, matrimony is no breeder of affection; but it hurts my pride, that he should neglect me, and run after other women.

MISS T. But pray, have you made any new discoveries of my lord's gallantry?

LADY M. New discoveries! why, I saw him myself yesterday morning in a hackney-coach, with a mink in a pink cardinal; you shall absolutely burn yours, Tittup, for I shall never bear to see one of that colour again.

MISS T. Sure she does not suspect me.—(*Aside.*)—And where was your ladyship, pray, when you saw him?

Taking the air with Colonel Tivy in his car-

MISS T. But, my dear Lady Minikin, how can you be so angry that my lord was hurting your pride, as you call it, in the hackney-coach, when you had him so much in your power, in the colonel's carriage?

Lady M. What, with my lord's friend, and my friend's lover!—(*Takes her by the hand.*)—O sye, Tittup!

Miss T. Pooh, pooh, love and friendship are very fine names, to be sure, but they are mere visiting acquaintances; we know their names indeed, talk of 'em sometimes, and let 'em knock at our doors, but we never let 'em in, you know
(*Looking roguishly at her.*)

Lady M. I vow, Tittup, you are extremely polite.

Miss T. I am extremely indifferent in these affairs, thanks to my education.—We must marry, you know, because other people of fashion marry; but I should think very meanly of myself, if after I was married, I should feel the least concern at all about my husband.

Lady M. I hate to praise myself, and yet I may with truth aver, that no woman of quality ever had, can have, or will have, so consummate a contempt for 'her lord, as I have for my most honourable and puissant Earl of Minikin, Viscount Perriwinkle, and Baron Titmouse.—Ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. But, is it not strange, Lady Minikin, that merely his being your husband should create such indifference? for certainly, in every other eye, his lordship has great accomplishments.

Lady M. Accomplishments! thy head is certainly turned; if you know any of 'em, pray let's have 'em; they are a novelty, and will amuse me.

Miss T. Imprimis, he is a man of quality.

Lady M. Which, to be sure, includes all the cardinal virtues—poor girl!—go on!

Miss T. He is a very handsome man.

Lady M. He has a very bad constitution.

Miss T. He has wit.

Lady M. He is a lord, and a little goes a great way.

Miss T. He has great good nature.

Lady M. No wonder—he's a fool.

Miss T. And then his fortune, you'll allow—

Lady M. Was a great one—but he games, and, if fairly, he's undone: if not, he deserves to be hanged—and so, exit my Lord Minikin.—And now, let your wise uncle, and my good cousin Sir John Trotley, Baronet, enter: where is he, pray?

Miss T. In his own room, I suppose, reading pamphlets

and newspapers against the enormities of the times; if he stays here a week longer, notwithstanding my expectations from him, I shall certainly affront him.

Lady M. I am a great favourite; but it is impossible much longer to act up to his very righteous ideas of things.—Is it not pleasant to hear him abuse every body, and every thing, and yet always finishing with a “You’ll excuse me, cousin!”—Ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. What do you think the Goth said to me yesterday? One of the knots of his tie hanging down his left shoulder, and his fringed cravat nicely twisted down his breast, and thrust through his gold button-hole, which looked exactly like my little Barbet’s head in his gold collar;—“Niece Tittup,” cries he, drawing himself up, “I protest against this manner of conducting yourself both at home and abroad.”—“What are your objections, Sir John?” answered I, a little pertly.—“Various and manifold,” replied he; “I have no time to enumerate particulars now, but I will venture to prophecy, if you keep whirling round the vortex of pantheons, operas, festinos, coteries, masquerades, and all the devilades in this town, your head will be giddy, down you will fall, lose the name of Lucretia, and be called nothing but Tittup ever after.—You’ll excuse me, cousin!”—and so he left me.

Lady M. O, the barbarian!

Enter GYMP, L.H.

Gymp. A card, your ladyship, from Mrs. Pewitt.

Lady M. Poor Pewitt!—If she can but be seen at public places, with a woman of quality, she’s the happiest of plebeians.—(*Reads the card.*)—

“Mrs. Pewitt’s respects to Lady Minikin, and Miss Tittup; hopes to have the pleasure of attending them to Lady Filligree’s ball this evening.—Lady Dorsey sends much.”—We’ll certainly attend her.—*Gymp.* put some message cards upon my toilet, I’ll send her an answer immediately; and tell one of my footmen, that he must make some visits for me day, again, and send me a list of those he made: he must be sure to call at Lady Petticoes, and if she

unluckily be at home, he must say that he came to inquire after her sprained ankle. [Exit Gymp, L.H.]

Miss T. Ay, ay, give our compliments to her sprained ankle.

Lady M. That woman's so fat, she'll never get well of it, and I am resolved not to call at her door myself, till I am sure of not finding her at home.—I am horribly low spirited to-day: do send your colonel to play at chess with me—since he belonged to you, Titty, I have taken a kind of liking to him; I like every thing that loves my Titty.

Miss T. I know you do, my dear lady.

Lady M. That sneer I don't like; if she suspects I shall hate her.—(Aside.)—Well, dear Titty, I'll go and write my cards, and dress for the masquerade, and if that wont raise my spirits, you must assist me to plague my lord a little. [Exit, L.H.]

Miss T. Yes, and I'll plague my lady a little, or I am much mistaken. My lord shall know every tittle that has passed: what a poor, blind, half-witted, self-conceited creature this dear friend and relation of mine is! and what a fine, spirited, gallant soldier my colonel is! my Lady Minikin likes him, he likes my fortune; my lord likes me, and I like my lord; however, not so much as he imagines, or to play the fool so rashly as he may expect.—What a great revolution in this family, in the space of fifteen months!—We went out of England, a very awkward, regular, good English family; but half a year in France, and a winter passed in the warmer climate of Italy, have ripened our minds to every refinement of ease, dissipation, and pleasure.

Enter COLONEL TIVY, L.H.

Col. T. May I hope, madam, that your humble servant had some share in your last reverie?

Miss T. How is it possible to have the least knowledge of Colonel Tivy, and not make him the principal object of one's reflections?

Col. T. That man must have very little feeling and taste, who is not proud of a place in the thoughts of the finest woman in Europe.

Miss T. O fye, colonel! (Curtseys and blushes.)

Col. T. By my honour, madam, I mean what I say.

Miss T. By your honour, colonel! why will you pass off your counters to me? don't I know that you fine gentlemen regard no honour but that which is given at the gaming table; and which indeed ought to be the only honour you should make free with?

Col. T. How can you, miss, treat me so cruelly? have I not absolutely forsworn dice, mistress, every thing, since I dared to offer myself to you?

Miss T. Yes, colonel, and when I dare to receive you, you may return to every thing again, and not violate the laws of the present happy matrimonial establishment.

Col. T. Give me but your consent, madam, and your life to come—

Miss T. Do you get my consent, colonel, and I'll take care of my life to come.

Col. T. How shall I get your consent?

Miss T. By getting me in the humour.

Col. T. But how to get you in the humour?

Miss T. O, there are several ways; I am very good-natured.

Col. T. Are you in the humour now?

Miss T. Try me.

Col. T. How shall I?

Miss T. How shall I?—you a soldier, and not know the art military?—how shall I?—I'll tell you how;—when you have a subtle, treacherous, politic enemy to deal with, never stand shilly-shally, and lose your time in treaties and parlies, but cock your hat, draw your sword:—march, beat drum,—dub, dub, a-dub—present, fire, puff pauff,—'tis done! they fly, they yield—Victoria! Victoria!

(*Running off.*)

Col. T. Stay, stay, my dear, dear angel!

(*Bringing her back.*)

Miss T. No, no, no, I have no time to be killed now; besides, Lady Minikin is in the vapours, and wants you at chess, and my lord is low-spirited, and wants me at picquet; my uncle is in an ill humour, and wants me to discard you, and go with him into the country.

Col. T. And will you, miss?

Miss T. Will I!—no, I never do as I am bid: but you ought;—so go to my lady.

Col. T. Nay, but, miss—

Miss T. Nay, but, colonel, if you wont obey your commanding officer, you should be broke, and then my man wont accept of you; so march, colonel!—look'ee, sir, will command before marriage, and do what I please afterwards, or I have been well educated to very little purpose

[Exit, R.H.]

Col. T. What a mad devil it is!—Now, if I had the least affection for the girl, I should be damnably vexed at this—but she has a fine fortune, and I must have her if I can.—Tol, lol, lol, &c.

[Exit, singing, R.H.]

Enter SIR JOHN TROTLEY and DAVY, L.H.

Sir John. Hold your tongue, Davy; you talk like a fool

Davy. It is a fine place, your honour, and I could live here for ever.

Sir John. More shame for you:—live here for ever!—what, among thieves and pickpockets!—what a revolution since my time! the more I see, the more I've cause for lamentation; what a dreadful change has time brought about in twenty years! I should not have known the place again nor the people;—all the signs, that made so noble an appearance, are all taken down;—not a bob or a tie-wig to be seen all the degrees, from the Parade in St. James's Park, to the stool and brush at the corner of every street, have their heads tied up—and that's the reason so many heads are tied up every month.

Davy. I shall have my head tied up to-morrow; Mr. Wisd will do it for me—your honour and I look like Philistine among 'em.

Sir John. And I shall break your head if it is tied up; I hate innovations;—all confusion, and no distinction!—the streets now are as smooth as a turnpike-road! no rattling and exercise in the hackney-coaches; those who ride in 'em are all fast asleep; and they have strings in their hands, that the coachmen must pull to wake 'em when they are to be set down;—what luxury and abomination!

Davy. Is it so, your honour; 'eckins, I like it hugely.

Sir John. But you must hate and detest London.

Davy. How can I manage that, your honour, when there is every thing to delight my eye, and cherish my heart?

Sir John. 'Tis all deceit and delusion.

Davy. Such crowding, coaching, carting, and squeezing; such a power of fine sights: fine shops full of fine things; and then such fine illuminations all of a row! and such fine dainty ladies in the streets, so civil and so graceless;—they talk of country girls: these here look more healthy and rosy by half.

Sir John. Sirrah, they are prostitutes, and are civil to delude and destroy you.

Davy. Bless us, bless us!—how does your honour know all this!—were they as bad in your time?

Sir John. Not by half, Davy;—in my time there was a sort of decency in the worst of women;—but the harlots now watch like tigers for their prey; and drag you to their dens of infamy—see, Davy, how they have torn my neckcloth. *(Shows his neckcloth.)*

Davy. If you had gone civilly, your honour, they would not have hurt you:

Sir John. Well, we'll get away as fast as we can.

Davy. Not this month, I hope, for I have not had half my belly full yet.

Sir John. I'll knock you down, Davy, if you grow profligate; you sha'n't go out again to-night, and to-morrow keep in my room, and stay till I can look over my things and see they don't cheat you.

Davy. Your honour then wont keep your word with me! *(Sulkily.)*

Sir John. Why, what did I promise you?

Davy. That I should take sixpen'oth of one of the theatres to-night, and a shilling place at the other to-morrow.

Sir John. Well, well, so I did:—is it a moral piece, Davy?

Davy. O yes, and written by a clergyman; it is called the 'Rival Capermites; or the Tragedy of Braggadocio.'

Sir John. Be a good lad, and I wont be worse than my word; there's money for you!—*(Gives him money.)*—but come strait home, for I shall wait to go to bed.

Davy. To be sure, your honour—as I am to go so soon, I'll make a night of it. *(Aside, and exit, L.H.)*

Sir John. This fellow would turn rake and macaroni if he was to stay here a week longer—bless me, what dangers are in this town at every step!—My niece Lucretia, is so be-fashioned and be-devilled that nothing, I fear, can save her; however, to ease my conscience, I must try; but what can be expected from the young women of these times, but sallow looks, wild schemes, saucy words, and loose morals!—They lie a-bed all day, sit up all night; if they are silent, they are gazing, and if they talk, 'tis either scandal or infidelity; and that they may look what they are, their heads are all feather, and round their necks are twisted rattlesnake tippets.—O tempora, O mores! [Exit, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Lord Minikin's Dressing Room.*

LORD MINIKIN discovered in his powdering-gown, with JESSAMY and MIGNON.

Lord M. Pr'ythee, Mignon, don't plague me any more; dost think that a nobleman's head has nothing to do but be tortured all day under thy infernal fingers? give me my clothes.

Mignon. Ven you lose your monee, my lor, you no good humour; the devil may dress your cheveu for me!

[Exit, L.H.D.]

Lord M. That fellow's an impudent rascal, but he's a genius, so I must bear with him.—O, my head!—a chair, Jessamy!—I must absolutely change my wine-merchant: I can't taste his champagne without disordering myself for a week!—heigho. (Sighs.)

Enter Miss TITTUP, L.H.—*She passes over to R.H. of Lord Minikin's chair.*

Miss T. What makes you sigh, my lord?

Lord M. Because you were so near me, child.

Miss T. Indeed! I should rather have thought my lady had been with you—by your looks, my lord, I am afraid Fortune jilted you last night.

Lord M. No, faith; our champagne was not good yesterday, and I am vapoured like our English November; but one glance of my Tittup can dispel vapours like—like—

Miss T. Like something very fine to be sure: but pray

keep your simile for the next time ;—and hark'ee—a little prudence will not be amiss ; Mr. Jessamy will think you mad, and me worse. (*Half aside.*)

Jessamy. O, pray don't mind me, madam.

Lord M. Gads. Jessamy, look out my domino, and I'll ring the bell when I want you.

Jessamy. I shall, my lord.—Miss thinks that every body is blind in the house but herself. [*Aside, and exit, L.H.D.*]

Miss T. Upon my word, my lord, you must be a little more prudent, or we shall become the town-talk.

Lord M. And so I will, my dear ; and therefore to prevent surprize, I'll lock the door.

Miss T. What do you mean, my lord ?

Lord M. Prudence, child, prudence ; I keep all my jewels under lock and key.

Miss T. You are not in possession yet, my lord ; I cannot stay two minutes ; I only came to tell you that Lady Minikin saw us yesterday, in the hackney-coach ; she did not know me, I believe ; she pretends to be greatly uneasy at your neglect of her ; she certainly has some mischief in her head.

Lord M. No intentions, I hope, of being fond of me ?

Miss T. No, no, make yourself easy ; she hates you most unalterably.

Lord M. You have given me spirits again.

Miss T. Her pride is alarmed, that you should prefer any of the sex to her.

Lord M. Her pride then has been alarmed ever since I had the honour of knowing her.

Miss T. But, dear my lord, let us be merry and wise ; should she ever be convinced that we have a *tendre* for each other, she certainly would proclaim it, and then—

Lord M. We should be envied, and she would be laughed at, my sweet cousin.

Miss T. Nay, I would have her mortified too—for though I love her ladyship sincerely, I cannot say but I love a little mischief as sincerely ; but then if my uncle Trotley should know of our affairs, he is so old-fashioned, prudish, and out-of-the-way, he would either strike me out of his will, or insist upon my quitting the house.

Lord M. My good cousin is a queer mortal, that's certain ;

I wish we could get him handsomely into the country again—he has a fine fortune to leave behind him.

Miss T. But then he lives so regularly, and never makes use of a physiojan, that he may live these twenty years.

Lord M. What can we do with the barbarian?

Miss T. I don't know what's the matter with me, but I am really in fear of him; I suppose, reading his formal books when I was in the country with him, and going so constantly to church, with my elbows stuck to my hips, and my toes turned in, has given me these foolish prejudices.

Lord M. Then you must affront him, or you'll never get the better of him.

Sir John. (*Knocking without, at L.H.D.*) My lord, my lord, are you busy? (*Lord Minikin goes softly to L.H.D.*)

Miss T. Heavens! 'tis that detestable brute, my uncle!

Lord M. That horrid dog, my cousin!

Miss T. What shall we do, my lord? (*Softly.*)

Sir John. (*At L.H.D.*) Nay, my lord, my lord, I heard you; pray let me speak with you.

Lord M. Ho, Sir John, is it you? I beg your pardon, I'll put up my papers and open the door.

Miss T. Stay, stay, my lord, I would not meet him now for the world; if he sees me here alone with you, he'll rave like a madman; put me up the chimney; any where.

(*Alarmed.*)

Lord M. (*Aloud.*) I'm coming, Sir John! here, here, get behind my great chair; he sha'n't see you, and you may see all; I'll be short and pleasant with him.

(*Puts her behind the chair, and opens L.H.D.*)

Enter SIR JOHN, L.H.D.—During this scene Lord Minikin turns the chair, as Sir John moves, to conceal Miss T.

Sir John. You'll excuse me, my lord, that I have broken in upon you: I heard you talking pretty loud; what have you nobody with you? what were you about, cousin?

(*Looking about.*)

Lord M. A particular affair, Sir John: I always lock myself up to study my speeches, and speak 'em aloud for the sake of the tone and action.

Sir John. (*Sits down.*) Ay, ay, 'tis the best way; I am sorry I disturbed you;—you'll excuse me, cousin!

Lord M. I am rather obliged to you, Sir John; intense application to these things ruins my health; but one must do it for the sake of the nation.

Sir John. May be so, I hope the nation will be the better for't—you'll excuse me!

Lord M. Excuse you, Sir John, I love your frankness; but why, wont you be franker still? we have always something for dinner, and you will never dine at home.

Sir John. You must know, my lord, that I love to know what I eat;—I hate to travel, where I don't know my way: and since you have brought in foreign fashions and figaries, every thing and every body are in masquerade: your men and manners too are as much frittered and fricasied, as your beef and mutton; I love a plain dish, my lord.—But to the point;—I came, my lord, to open my mind to you about my niece Tittup: shall I do it freely?

Lord M. The freer the better; Tittup's a fine girl, cousin, and deserves all the kindness you can show her.

(*Lord M. and Miss T. make signs at each other.*)

Sir John. She must deserve it though, before she shall have it; and I would have her begin with lengthening her petticoats, covering her shoulders, and wearing a cap upon her head.

Lord M. Don't you think a taper leg, falling shoulders, and fine hair, delightful objects, Sir John?

Sir John. And therefore ought to be concealed; 'tis their interest to conceal them: when you take from the men the pleasure of imagination, there will be a scarcity of husbands; and then taper legs, falling shoulders, and fine hair, may be had for nothing.

Lord M. Well said, Sir John; Ha, ha!—your niece shall wear a horseman's coat and jack-boots to please you.—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir John. You may speak, my lord, but for all that, I think my niece in a bad way; she must leave me and the country, forsooth, to travel and see good company and fashions; I have seen 'em too, and wish from my heart that she is not much the worse for her journey—you'll excuse me!

Lord M. But why in a passion, Sir John?—Don't you think that my lady and I shall be able and willing to put her into the road?

Sir John. Zounds! my lord, you are out of it yourself; this comes of your travelling; all the town know how you and my lady live together; and I must tell you—you'll excuse me!—that my niece suffers by the bargain; prudence, my lord, is a very fine thing.

Lord M. So is a long neckcloth nicely twisted into a button hole, but I don't choose to wear one—you'll excuse me!

Sir John. I wish that he who first changed long neckcloths for such things as you wear, had the wearing of a twisted neckcloth that I would give him. *(Rises.)*

Lord M. Pry'thee, baronet, don't be so horridly out-of-the-way; prudence is a very vulgar virtue, and so incompatible with our present ease and refinement, that a prudent man of fashion is now as great a miracle as a pale woman of quality; we got rid of our *mauvais honte*, at the time that we imported our neighbour's rouge, and their morals.

Sir John. Did you ever hear the like! I am not surprized, my lord, that you think so lightly, and talk so vainly, who are so polite a husband; your lady, my cousin, is a fine woman, and brought you a fine fortune, and deserves better usage.

Lord M. Will you have her, Sir John? she is much at your service.

Sir John. Profligate!—What did you marry her for, my lord?

Lord M. Convenience.—Marriage is not now-a-days, an affair of inclination, but convenience; and they who marry for love, and such old-fashioned stuff, are to me as ridiculous as those that advertise for an agreeable companion in a post-chaise.

Sir John. *(Crosses to him.)* I have done, my lord; Miss Tittup shall either return with me into the country, or not a penny shall she have from Sir John Trotley, Baronet.—*(Whistles and walks about.)*—Pray, my lord, what husband is this you have provided for her?

Lord M. A friend of mine; a man of wit, and a fine gentleman.

Sir John. May be so, and yet make a damned bad husband

for all that. You'll excuse me!—What estate has he, pray?

Lord M. He's a colonel; his elder brother, Sir Tan Tivy, will certainly break his neck, and then my friend will be a happy man.

Sir John. Here's morals! a happy man when his brother has broke his neck!—a happy man—mercy on me!

Lord M. Why, he'll have six thousand a year, Sir John—

Sir John. I don't care what he'll have, nor I don't care what he is, nor who my niece marries; she is a fine lady, and let her have a fine gentleman; I sha'n't hinder her;—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—I'll away into the country to-morrow, and leave you to your fine doings; I have no relish for 'em, not I; I can't live among you, nor eat with you, nor game with you; I hate cards and dice; I will neither rob nor be robbed; I am contented with what I have, and am very happy, my lord, though my brother has not broke his neck—you'll excuse me! [*Exit L.H.D.*]

Lord M. Ha, ha, ha! Come, fox, come out of your hole! ha, ha, ha!

Miss T. Indeed, my Lord, you have undone me; not a foot shall I have of Trotley Manor, that's positive!—but no matter, there's no danger of his breaking his neck, so I'll even make myself happy with what I have, and behave to him for the future, as if he was a poor relation.

Lord M. (*Kneeling, snatching her hand, and kissing it.*) I must kneel and adore you for your spirit; my sweet, heavenly Lucretia!

Re-enter SIR JOHN, L.H.D.

Sir John. (*Starts.*)—One thing I had forgot—

Miss T. Ha! he's here again!

Sir John. Why, what the devil!—heigho, my niece Lucretia, and my virtuous lord, studying speeches for the good of the nation.—Yes, yes, you have been making fine speeches, indeed, my Lord; and your arguments have prevailed, I see. I beg your pardon, I did not mean to interrupt your studies—you'll excuse me, my lord!—(*Crosses to Centre.*)

Lord M. (Smiling, and mocking him.)—You'll excuse me, Sir John!

Sir John. O yes, my lord, but I'm afraid the devil wont excuse you at the proper time—Miss Lucretia, how do you, child? You are to be married soon—I wish the gentleman joy, Miss Lucretia; he is a happy man to be sure, and will want nothing but the breaking of his brother's neck to be completely so.

Miss T. Upon my word, uncle, you are always putting bad constructions upon things; my lord has been soliciting me to marry his friend—and having that moment—extorted a consent from me—he was thanking—and—and—wishing me joy—in his foolish manner.—(*Hesitating.*)

Sir John. Is that all!—but how came you here, child?—did you fly down the chimney, or in at the window? for I don't remember seeing you when I was here before.

Miss T. How can you talk so, Sir John?—You really confound me with your suspicions;—and then you ask so many questions, and I have so many things to do, that—that—upon my word, if I don't make haste, I shan't get my dress ready for the ball, so I must run—You'll excuse me, uncle!

[*Exit running, L.H.D.*]

Sir John. A fine hopeful young lady that, my lord!

Lord M. She's well bred, and has wit.

Sir John. She has wit and breeding enough to laugh at her relations, and bestow favours on your lordship, but I must tell you plainly, my lord, you'll excuse me, that your marrying your lady, my cousin, to use her ill, and sending for my niece, your cousin, to debauch her—

Lord M. You're warm, Sir John, and don't know the world, and I never contend with ignorance and passion; live with me some time, and you'll be satisfied of my honour and good intentions to you and your family; in the mean time command my house;—(*Crosses to L.H.D.*)—I must away immediately to Lady Filligree's—and I am sorry you wont make one with us—here, Jessamy, give me my domino, and call a chair; and don't let my uncle wait for any thing; you'll excuse me, Sir John; tol, tol, derol, &c.

[*Exit singing, L.H.D.*]

Sir John. The world's at an end!—here's fine work! here are precious doings! this lord is a pillar of the state too: no

wonder that the building is in danger with such rotten supporters;—heigh ho!—and then my poor Lady Minikin, what a friend and husband she is blessed with!—let me consider!—should I tell the good woman of these pranks, I may only make more mischief, and mayhap go near to kill her, for she's as tender as she's virtuous;—poor lady! I'll e'en go and comfort her directly, and endeavour to draw her from the wickedness of this town into the country, where she shall have reading, fowling, and fishing to keep up her spirits, and when I die, I will leave her that part of my fortune, with which I intended to reward the virtues of Miss Lucretia Tittup, with a plague to her! [*Exit, L.H.D.*]

SCENE III.—*Lady Minikin's Apartment.*

LADY MINIKIN, R.H. and COLONEL TIVY, L.H. *discovered.*

Lady M. Don't urge it, colonel; I can't think of coming home from the masquerade this evening; though I should pass for my niece, it would make an uproar among the servants; and perhaps from the mistake break off your match with Tittup.

Col. T. My dear Lady Minikin, you know my marriage with your niece is only a secondary consideration; my first and principal object is you—you, madam!—therefore, my dear lady, give me your promise to leave the ball with me; you must, Lady Minikin; a bold young fellow and a soldier as I am, ought not to be kept from plunder when the town has capitulated.

Lady M. But it has not capitulated, and perhaps never will; however, colonel, since you are so furious, I must come to terms, I think—Keep your eyes upon me at the ball, I think I may expect that, and when I drop my handkerchief, 'tis your signal for pursuing; I shall get home as fast as I can, you may follow me as fast you can;—Gymp will let us in the back way.—No, no, my heart misgives me!

Col. T. Then I am miserable!

Lady M. Nay, rather than you should be miserable, colonel, I will indulge your martial spirit; meet me in the field; there's my gauntlet.—(*Throws down her glove.*)

Col. T. (*Seizing her.*)—Thus I accept your sweet chal-

lenge; and, if I fail you, may I hereafter both in love and war, be branded with the name of coward.—(*Kneels and kisses her hand.*)

Enter SIR JOHN opening the door, R.H.D.

Sir John. May I presume, cousin—

Lady M. Ha!—(*Squalls.*)

Sir John. Mercy upon us, what are we at now!—(*Looks astonished.*)

Lady M. How can you be so rude, Sir John, to come into a lady's room without first knocking at the door? you have frightened me out of my wits!

Sir John. I am sure you have frightened me out of mine!

Col. T. Such rudeness deserves death!

Sir John. Death indeed! for I never shall recover myself again—All pigs of the same stye! all studying for the good of the nation!

Lady M. We must soothe him, and not provoke him.—(*Half aside to the Colonel.*)

Col. T. I would cut his throat, if you'd permit me.—(*Aside to Lady Minikin.*)

Sir John. The devil has got his hoof in the house, and has corrupted the whole family; I'll get out of it as fast as I can, lest he should lay hold of me too.—(*Going.*)

Lady M. Sir John, I must insist upon your not going away in a mistake.

Sir John. No mistake, my lady, I am thoroughly convinced—mercy on me!

Lady M. I must beg you, Sir John, not to make any wrong constructions upon this accident; you must know, that the moment you was at the door—I had promised the colonel no longer to be his enemy in his designs upon Miss Tittup,—this threw him into such a rapture,—that upon my promising my interest with you—and wishing him joy—he fell upon his knees, and—and—(*Laughing*)—ha, ha, ha!

Col. T. Ha, ha, ha! yes, yes, I fell upon my knees, and—and—

Sir John. Ay, ay, fell upon your knees, and—and—ha, ha! a very good joke, faith; and the best of it is, that they are wishing joy all over the house upon the same occasion: and

my lord is wishing joy; and I wish him joy, and you, with all my heart.

Lady M. Upon my word, Sir John, your cruel suspicions affect me strongly;—(*Crosses to R.H.D.*)—and though my resentment is curbed by my regard, my tears cannot be restrained; 'tis the only resource my innocence has left.

[*Exit crying, R.H.D.*]

Col. T. I reverence you, sir, as a relation to that Lady, but as her slanderer I detest you;—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—her tears must be dried, and my honour satisfied; you know what I mean; take your choice;—time, place, sword, or pistol; consider it calmly, and determine as you please. I am a soldier, Sir John.

[*Exit, R.H.D.*]

Sir J. Very fine truly! and so between the crocodile and the bully, my throat is to be cut; they are guilty of all sorts of iniquity, and when they are discovered, no humility, no repentance!—the ladies have recourse to their tongues or their tears, and the gallants to their swords.—That I may not be drawn in by the one, or drawn upon by the other, I'll hurry into the country while I retain my senses and can sleep in a whole skin.

[*Exit, R.H.D.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Lord Minikin's.

Enter SIR JOHN and JESSAMY, L.H.

Sir J. There is no bearing this! what a land are we in! upon my word, Mr. Jessamy, you should look well to the house, there are certainly rogues about it: for I did but cross the way just now to the pamphlet-shop, to buy a touch of the times, and they had a pluck at my watch; but I heard of their tricks, and had it sewed to my pocket.

Jessamy. Don't be alarm'd, Sir John; 'tis a' very common thing, and if you walk the streets without convoy, you will be picked up by privateers of all kinds; ha, ha!

Sir John. Not be alarmed when I am robbed!—why, they might have cut my throat! I shan't sleep a wink all night; so pray lend me some weapon of defence, for I am sure if they attack me in the open street, they'll be with me at night again.

Jessamy. I'll lend you my duelling pistols, Sir John; be assured there's no danger; there's robbing and murder cried every night under my window; but it no more disturbs me, than the ticking of my watch at my bed's head.

Sir John. Well, well, be that as it will, I must be upon guard. What a dreadful place this is! but 'tis all owing to the corruption of the times; the great folks game, and the poor folks rob; no wonder that murder ensues; sad, sad, sad!—well, let me but get over to-night, and I'll leave this den of thieves to-morrow—how long will your lord and lady stay at this masking and mummery before they come home?

Jessamy. 'Tis impossible to say the time, sir; that merely depends upon the spirits of the company and the nature of the entertainment; for my own part, I generally make it myself till four or five in the morning.

Sir John. Why, what the devil do you make one at these masqueradings?

Jessamy. I seldom miss, sir; I may venture to say that nobody knows the trim and small talk of the place better than I do; I was always reckoned an incomparable mask.

Sir John. Thou art an incomparable coxcomb, I am sure.

(*Aside.*)

Jessamy. An odd, ridiculous accident happened to me at a masquerade three years ago; I was in tip-top spirits, and had drank a little too freely of the champaigne, I believe.

Sir John. You'll be hanged, I believe. (*Aside.*)

Jessamy. Wit flew about—in short I was in spirits—at last, from drinking and rattling, to vary the pleasure, we went to dancing; and who do you think I danced a minuet with? he! he! pray guess, Sir John!

Sir John. Danced a minuet with! (*Half aside.*)

Jessamy. My own lady, that's all; the eyes of the whole assembly were upon us; my lady dances well, and I believe

I am pretty tolerable : after the dance I was running into a little coquetry and small talk with her.

Sir John. With your Lady?—Chaos is come again!

(*Aside.*)

Jessamy. With my lady—but upon my turning my hand thus—(*Conceitedly*)—egad, she caught me; whispered me who I was; I would fain have laughed her out of it, but it would not do;—no, no, Jessamy, says she, I am not to be deceived: pray wear gloves for the future; for you may as well go bare-faced, as show that hand and diamond ring.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Sir John. What a sink of iniquity!—Prostitution on all sides! from the lord to the pickpocket.—(*Aside.*)—Pray, Mr. Jessamy, among your other virtues, I suppose you game a little, eh, Mr. Jessamy?

Jessamy. A little whist or so;—but I am tied up from the dice; I must never touch a box again.

Sir John. I wish you was tied up somewhere else.—(*Aside.*)—I shall go to my room; and let my lord and lady, and my niece Tittup know, that I beg they will excuse ceremony: that I must be up and gone before they go to bed; that I have a most profound respect and love for them, and—and—that I hope we shall never see one another again as long as we live.

Jessamy. I shall certainly obey your commands—what poor ignorant wretches these country gentlemen are!

(*Aside and exit, R.H.*)

Sir John. If I stay in this place another day, it would throw me into a fever!—Oh!—I wish it was morning!—this comes of visiting my relations!

Enter DAVY, drunk, L.H.

So, you wicked wretch you—where have you been; and what have you been doing?

Davy. Merry-making, your honour—London for ever!

Sir John. And did I not order you not to make a jackanapes of yourself, and tie your hair up like a monkey?—

Davy. And therefore I did it—no pleasing the ladies without this—my lord's servants call you an old out-of-fashioned codger, and have taught me what's what.

Sir John. Here's an imp of the devil!—he ^{is} undone, and will poison the whole country.—Sirrah, get every thing ready, I'll be going directly.

Davy. To bed, sir!—I want to go to bed myself, sir.

Sir John. Why how now—you are drunk too, sirrah.

Davy. I am a little, your honour, because I have been drinking.

Sir John. That is not all—but you have been in bad company, sirrah!

Davy. Indeed your honour's mistaken, I never kept such good company in all my life.

Sir John. The fellow does not understand me—where have you been, you drunkard?

Davy. Drinking to be sure, if I am a drunkard; and if you had been drinking too, as I have been, you would not be in such a passion with a body—it makes one so good-natured.

Sir John. There is another addition to my misfortunes! I shall have this fellow carry into the country as many vices as will corrupt the whole parish.

Davy. I'll take what I can, to be sure, your worship.

Sir John. Get away, you beast you, and sleep off the debauchery you have contracted this fortnight, or I'll leave you behind, as a proper person to make one of his lordship's family.

Davy. So much the better—give me more wages, less work, and the key of the ale-cellar, and I am your servant; if not, provide yourself with another. *(Struts about)*

Sir John. Here's a reprobate!—this is the completion of my misery! but hark'ee, villain—go to bed—and sleep off your iniquity, and then pack up the things, or I'll pack you off to Newgate, and transport you for life, you rascal you. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Davy. That for you, old codger.—*(Snaps his fingers.)*—I know the law better than to be frightened with moonshine: I wish that I was to live here all my days,—this is life indeed! a servant lives up to his eyes in clover; they have wages, and board wages, and nothing to do, but to grow fat and saucy—they are as happy as their master, they play for ever at cards, swear like emperors, drink like fishes, and go a wenching with as much ease and tran-

quillity, as if they were going to a sermon. Oh! 'tis a fine life!
[*Exit, reeling, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Lord Minikin's house.*

Enter LORD MINIKIN and Miss TITTUP, in masquerade dresses, lighted by JESSAMY, L.H.D.

Lord M. Set down the candles, Jessamy; and should your lady come home let me know—be sure you are not out of the way.

Jessamy. I have lived too long with your lordship to need the caution—who the devil have we got now? but that's my lord's business, and not mine. [*Exit, L.H.D.*]

Miss T. (Pulling off her mask.) Upon my word, my lord, this coming home so soon from the masquerade is very imprudent, and will certainly be observed—I am most inconceivably frightened, I can assure you—my uncle Trotley has a light in his room; the accident this morning will certainly keep him upon the watch—pray, my lord, let us defer our meetings till he goes into the country.—I find that my English heart, though it has ventured so far, grows fearful, and awkward to practise the freedoms of warmer climes.—(*Lord Minikin takes her by the hand.*)—If you will not desist, my lord—we are separated for ever—the sight of the precipice turns my head; I have been giddy with it too long, and must turn from it while I can—pray be quiet, my lord, I will meet you to-morrow.

Lord M. To-morrow! 'tis an age in my situation—let the weak, bashful, coyish whiner be intimidated with these faint alarms, but let the bold experienced lover kindle at the danger, and like the eagle in the midst of storms thus pounce upon his prey. (*Takes hold of her.*)

Miss T. Dear Mr. Eagle, be merciful; pray let the poor pigeon fly for this once.

Lord M. If I do, my dove, may I be cursed to have my wife as fond of me, as I am now of thee.

(*Offers to kiss her.*)

Jessamy. (Without, knocking at L.H.D.) My lord, my lord!

Miss T. (Screams.) Ha!

Lord M. Who's there?

Jessamy. (Peeping.) 'Tis I, my lord; may I come in?

Lord M. Damn the fellow! What's the matter?

Jessamy. Nay, not much, my lord—only my lady's come, home.

Miss T. Then I'm undone—what shall I do?—I'll run into my own room.

Lord M. Then she may meet you—

Jessamy. There's a dark deep closet, my lord—miss may hide herself there.

Miss T. For heaven's sake put me into it, and when her ladyship's safe, let me know, my lord.—What an escape have I had!

Lord M. The moment her evil spirit is laid, I'll let my angel out.—(*Puts her into L.H.D.F.*)—Lock the door on the inside.—Come softly to my room, Jessamy—

Jessamy. If a board creaks, your lordship shall never be liberal to me again. [*Exeunt, on tiptoe, R.H.*]

Enter GYMP, lighting in LADY MINIKIN and COLONEL TIVY, in masquerade dresses, L.H.D.

Gymp. Pray, my lady, go no farther with the colonel, I know you mean nothing but innocence, but I'm sure there will be bloodshed, for my lord is certainly in the house—I'll take my affidavit that I heard—

Col. T. It can't be, I tell you; we left him this moment at the masquerade—I spoke to him before I came out.

Lady M. He's too busy, and too well employed to think of home—but don't tremble so, *Gymp.* There is no harm, I assure you—the colonel is to marry my niece, and it is proper to settle some matters relating to it—they are left to us.

Gymp. Yes, yes, madam, to be sure it is proper that you talk together—I know you mean nothing but innocence—but indeed there will be bloodshed.

Col. T. The girl's a fool. I have no sword by my side.

Gymp. But my lord has, and you may kill one another with that—I know you mean nothing but innocence, but I certainly heard him go up the back-stairs into his own room, talking with Jessamy.

Lady M. 'Tis impossible but the girl must have fancied this—Can't you ask Whisp, or Mignon, if their master is come in?

Gymp. Lord, my lady, they are always drunk before this, and asleep in the kitchen.

Lady M. This frightened fool has made me as ridiculous as herself! hark!—Colonel, I'll swear there is something upon the stairs—now I am in the field I find I am a coward.

Gymp. There will certainly be bloodshed.

Col. T. I'll slip down with Gymp this back way then.

(*Going.*)

Gymp. O dear, my lady, there is something coming up them too.

Col. T. Zounds! I've got between two fires!

Lady M. Run into the closet.

Col. T. (*Runs to the closet.*) There's no retreat—the door is locked!

Lady M. Behind the chimney-board, Gymp.

Col. T. I shall certainly be taken prisoner—(*Gets behind the board, R.H. in flat.*)—you'll let me know when the enemy's decamped.

Lady M. Leave that to me—do you, Gymp, go down the back stairs, and leave me to face my lord, I think I can match him at hypocrisy.

(*Sits down.*)

Enter LORD MINIKIN, R.H.

Lord M. What, is your ladyship so soon returned from Lady Fillagree's?

Lady M. (*Seated, L.H.*) I am sure, my lord, I ought to be more surprised at your being here so soon, when I saw you so well entertained in a *tête-à-tête* with a lady in crimson—such *sijets*, my lord, will always drive me from my most favourite amusements.

Lord M. (*Seated, R.H.*) You find at least, that the lady, whoever she was, could not engage me to stay, when I found your ladyship had left the ball.

Lady M. Your lordship's sneering upon my unhappy temper may be a proof of your wit, but it is none of your humanity; and this behaviour is as great an insult upon me, as even your falsehood is to yourself.

(*Pretends to weep.*)

Lord M. Nay, my dear Lady Minikin, if you are resolved to play tragedy, I shall roar away too, and pull out my cambric handkerchief.

Lady M. I think, my lord, we had better retire to our apartments; my weakness and your brutality will only expose us to our servants.—Where is Tittup, pray?

Lord M. I left her with the colonel—a masquerade to young folks upon the point of matrimony, is as delightful as it is disgusting to those who are happily married, and are wise enough to love home, and the company of their wives.

(*Takes hold of her hand.*)

Lady M. False man!—I had as lieve a toad touched me.

(*Aside.*)

Lord M. She gives me the frisoone—I must propose to stay, or I shall never get rid of her.—(*Aside.*)—I am aguish to night,—he—he—do my dear let us make a little fire here, and have a family *tete-à-tete*, by way of novelty.

(*Rings a bell.*)

Enter JESSAMY, R.H.

Let 'em take away that chimney-board, and light a fire here immediately.

Lady M. What shall I do?—(*Aside, and greatly alarmed.*)—Here, Jessamy, there is no occasion—I am going to my own chamber, and my lord wont stay here by himself.

(*Exit Jessamy, R.H.*)

Lord M. How cruel it is, Lady Minikin, to deprive me of the pleasure of a domestic duetto.—A good escape, faith!

(*Aside*)

Lady M. I have too much regard for Lord Minikin to agree to any thing that would afford him so little pleasure.—I shall retire to my own apartment.

Lord M. Well, if your ladyship will be cruel, I must still, like the miner, starve and sigh, though possessed of the greatest treasure.—(*Bows.*)—I wish your ladyship a good night.—(*He takes one candle, and Lady Minikin the other.*)—May I presume—

(*Salutes her.*)

Lady M. Your lordship is too obliging.—Nasty man!

(*Aside.*)

Lord M. Disagreeable woman,—(*Aside.*)—[*They wipe their lips and exeunt; Lady M. L.H. Lord M. R.H. ceremoniously.*]

Miss T. (*Peeping out of the closet.*) All's silent now, and quite dark; what has been doing here I cannot guess—I long to be relieved; I wish my lord was come—but I hear a noise!
(*She shuts the door.*)

Col. T. (*Peeping over the chimney-board.*) I wonder my lady does not come.—I would not have Miss Tittup know of this—'twould be ten thousand pounds out of my way, and I can't afford to give so much for a little gallantry

Miss T. (*Comes forward.*) What would my colonel say, to find his bride, that is to be, in this critical situation?

Enter LORD MINIKIN, R.H. in the dark.

Lord M. Now to release my prisoner.

(*Comes forward. L.H.*)

Enter LADY MINIKIN, L.H.D.

Lady M. My poor colonel will be as miserable, as if he were besieged in garrison; I must release him.

(*Going towards the chimney.*)

Lord M. Hist! hist!

Miss T.

Lord M. } Here! here!

Col. T. }

Lord M. This way.

Lady M. Softly.—(*They all grope till Lord Minikin has got Lady Minikin, and the Colonel Miss T.*)

Sir John. (*Speaks without, L.H.*) Lights this way, I say; get a blunderbuss.

Jessamy. Indeed you dreamt it, there is nobody but the family.
(*All stand and stare.*)

Enter SIR JOHN, L.H. in his night-cap, and sword drawn, with JESSAMY.

Sir John. Give me the candle, I'll ferret 'em out, I warrant; here's a blunderbuss, I say; they have been skipping

about that gallery in the dark this half hour; there must be mischief.—I have watched them into this room—ho, ho, are you there?—If you stir, you are dead men—(*They retire*)—and—(*Seeing the ladies.*)—women too!—egad—ha! what's this? the same party again! and two couple they are of as choice mortals as ever were hatched in this righteous town—you'll excuse me, cousins!

(*They all look confounded.*)

Lord M. In the name of wonder, how comes all this about?

Sir John. Well, but hark'ee, my dear cousins, have you not got wrong partners!—here has been some mistake in the dark; I am mightily glad that I have brought you a candle to set all to rights again—you'll excuse me gentlemen and ladies.

Enter GYMP, R.H. with a candle.

Gymp. What in the name of mercy is the matter?

Sir John. Why the old matter, and the old game, Mrs. Gymp; and I'll match my cousins here at it against all the world, and I say done first.

Lord M. What is the meaning, Sir John, of all this tumult and consternation? may not Lady Minkin and I, and the colonel and your niece, be seen in my house together without your raising the family, and making this uproar and confusion?

Sir John. Come, come, good folks, I see you are all confounded, I'll settle this matter in a moment—as for you, colonel—though you have not deserved plain dealing from me, I will now be serious:—(*Crosses to Colonel.*)—you imagine this young lady has an independent fortune, besides expectations from me—'tis a mistake, she has no expectations from me, if she marry you; and if I don't consent to her marriage, she will have no fortune at all.

Col. T. Plain dealing is a jewel; and to show you, Sir John, that I can pay you in kind, I am most sincerely obliged to you for your intelligence; and I am, ladies, your most obedient humble servant.—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—I shall see you, my lord, at the club, to-morrow!—*Exit, L.H.*

Lord M. Sans doute, mon cher colonel.—I'll meet you there without fail.

Sir John. My lord, you'll have something else to do.

Lord M. Indeed! what is that, good Sir John?

Sir John. You must meet your lawyers and creditors to-morrow, and be told what you have always turned a deaf ear to—that the dissipation of your fortune and morals must be followed by years of parsimony and repentance—as you are fond of going abroad, you may indulge that inclination without having it in your power to indulge any other.

Lord M. The bumpkin is no fool, and is damned satirical
(*Aside.*)

Sir John. You are silent ladies—if repentance has subdued your tongues, I shall have hopes of you—a little country air might perhaps do well—as you are distressed, I am at your service—what say you, my lady?

Lady M. However appearances have condemned me, give me leave to disavow the substance of those appearances. My mind has been tainted, but not profligate—your kindness and example may restore me to my former natural English constitution.

• *Sir John.* Will you resign your lady to me, my lord, for a time?

Lord M. For ever, dear Sir John, without a murmur.

Sir John. Well; miss, and what say you?

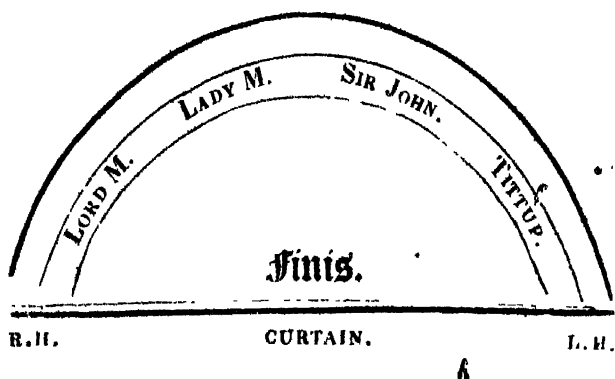
Miss T. Guilty, uncle. (*Curtsying*)

Sir John. Guilty! the devil you are? of what?

Miss T. Of consenting to marry one whom my heart does not approve, and coquetting with another which friendship, duty, honour, morals, and every thing, but fashion, ought to have forbidden.

Sir John. Thus then, with the wife of one under this arm, and the mistress of another under this, I sally forth a Knight Errant, to rescue distressed damsels from those monsters, foreign vices, and *Bon Ton*, as they call it; and I trust that every English hand and heart here will assist me in so desperate an undertaking.—You'll excuse me, sirs!

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls



From the Press of W. Oxberry,
8, White Hart Yard.



Orberry's Edition.

THE LIAR.

A FARCE.

By Samuel Foote.

WITH PRELATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAMILIARLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY H. ORBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET,
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, FLEET-MALL.

not by the

1822.

**From the Press of W. Oxberry,
8, White-Hart Yard.**

Remarks.

THE LIAR.

The *Liar* may, we think, be called the best of Foote's productions ; at all events, it has a fairer chance of sailing down the stream of time than any other of his works ; for though formed after the French model, it is not deficient in character, and its principal portrait does not belong to the manners of any age ; society will never be so virtuous nor temptation so diminished, that lying should go out of fashion ; young Wilding, therefore, may be always expected to please, while the drama itself shall please.

In this fable there is nothing to offend by improbability, nor indeed is there much to interest from any cause ; it is too little diversified to awake attention, and too little entangled to excite expectation ; the catastrophe, besides, is lame and unfinished ; the conclusion of a play should be the conclusion of the spectator's doubts ; it should leave him nothing to hope or to enquire, for it is requisite that every piece should be a whole ; it should have a beginning, a middle, and an end ; and how can that be called an end, when the fate of the principal character is undecided ?

The dialogue is both elegant and humourous, and that in an eminent degree ; young Wilding's stories to his father, of his wife, his kittens, and his pokers, are in the richest style of the Congreve school of comedy, and are a sufficient proof that comic effect does not depend on incident or situation ; the scene in question is striking only by the force of language, and indeed the same may be said of the whole piece, yet it pleases by the brilliancy of its dialogue, and not by the intricacies of its fable.

But perhaps the author has most deserved praise from the nice discrimination shewn in the characters of Miss Godfrey and Miss Grantham; they approximate so closely to each other, and yet are so distinct,—are so delicately coloured, and yet are so effective,—that they appear to us to be amongst the happiest efforts of modern comedy. Nothing is so difficult to touch as these finer marks of character; the rich colouring of the Liar himself must have been a task of comparative facility. Miss Grantham, in understanding and expression, is evidently the superior, but there is a delicacy of thought and speech in Miss Godfrey, that more than counterbalances those advantages.

This is not the place to institute a comparison between the English and French schools of comedy, but we may be allowed a cursory remark, that humour and character seem to be the distinctive features of the first, while the latter only aims at brilliant dialogue, and, provided the dramatic personæ speak pungent sarcasm and witty epigram, is little careful to impress on them those peculiar marks of habit and nature, which distinguish man from man in the business of daily life.

PROLOGUE.

*What various revolutions in our art,
 Since Thespis first sung ballads in a cart !
 By nature fram'd the witty war to wage,
 And lay the deep foundations of the stage,
 From his own soil that bard his pictures drew;
 The gaping crowd the mimic features knew,
 And the broad jest with fire electric flew.* }
*Succeeding times, more polish'd and refin'd,
 To rigid rules the comic muse confin'd;
 Robb'd of the nat'ral freedom of her song,
 In artful measures now she floats along;
 No sprightly sallies rouse the slumb'ring pit;
 Thalia, grown mere architect in wit,
 To doors and ladders has confin'd her cares,
 Convenient closets, and a snug back stairs:
 'Twixt her and Satire has dissolv'd the league,
 And jilted humour to enjoy intrigue.
 To gain the suffrage of this polish'd age,
 We bring to-night a stranger on the stage;
 His sire De Vega; we confess this truth,
 Lest you mistake him for a British youth.
 Severe the censure on my feeble pen,
 Neglecting manners, that she copies men ;
 Thus, if I hum or ha, or name report,
 'Tis Serjeant Splitcause from the Inns of Court:
 If, at the age that ladies cease to dance,
 To romp at Rinelagh, or read romance,
 I draw a swager inclin'd to man,
 Or paint her rage for china or japan.
 The true original is quickly known,
 And lady Squab proclaim'd throughout the town.
 But in the following group let no man dare
 To claim a limb, nay, not a single hair;
 What gallant Briton can be such a sot
 To own the child a Spaniard has begot.*

EPILOGUE.

BETWEEN MISS GRANTAM AND OLD WILDING.

BY A MAN OF FASHION.

*Miss Gr. Hold, sir;
Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,
Let me be heard as council for your son.
Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate
Proscribe all lying, what would be the fate
Of this and every other earthly state? }
Consider, sir, if once you cry it down,
You'll shut up ev'ry coffee-house in town.
The tribe of politicians will want food;
Ev'n now half famish'd—for the public good.
All grub-street murderers of men and sense,
And every office of intelligence,
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
And no gazette to publish their disgrace.*

*Wild. Too mild a sentence, must the good and great
Patriots be wronged, that booksellers may eat!*

*Miss Gr. Your patience, sir; yet hear another word.
Turn to the hall where justice weilds her sword;
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
By this proscription, all the sons of law;
For 'tis the fix'd, determin'd rule of courts,
Vyner will tell you, nay, ev'n Coke's Reports,
All pleadings may, when difficulties rise,
To gain one truth, expend a hundred lies.*

*Wild. To curb this practice I am somewhat loath;
A lawyer has no credit but an oath.*

*Miss Gr. Then to the softer sex some favour show;
Leave no possession of our modest No!*

EPILOGUE.

Wild. Oh, freely ma'am we'll that allowance give,
So that two Noes be held affirmative
Provided ever that your pish and fie,
On all occasions should be deem'd a lie

Miss Gr. Hard terms!
On this rejoinder then I rest my cause.
Should all pay homage to truth's sacred laws.
Let us examine what would be the case;
Why many a great man would be out of place

Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character restore

Miss Gr. But take a character from many more.

Wild. Tho' on the side of bad the balance fall,
Better to find few good than fear for all.

Miss Gr. Strong are your reasons, yet, ere I submit,
I mean to take the rows of the pit.
Is it your pleasures that we make a rule,
That every liar be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit subjects for our author's ridicule?

}

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is one hour and forty minutes.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. is meant Right Hand.
L.H. Left Hand. (/
S.E. Second Entrance.
U.E. Upper Entrance.
M.D. Middle Door.
D.F. Door in, flat.
R.H.D. Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. Left Hand Door.

Costume.

SIR JAMES ELLIOT.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, and buff breeches.

OLD WILDING.

Suit of brown.

YOUNG WILDING.

Fashionable morning dress.

PAPILLION.

Striped coat, buff pantaloons, and satin waistcoat.

JOHN, WILLIAM, ROBERT.

Livery suits.

MISS GODFREY.

White petticoat trimmed with blue, and white body.

MISS GRANTAM.

Muslin dress trimmed with white riband.

KITTY.

First dress.—Coloured gown and muslin apron.—Second dress.—Brocade silk gown.

Persons Represented.

		<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Sir James Elliot,</i>	-	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Hamerton
<i>Old Wilding,</i>	-	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman
<i>Young Wilding,</i>	-	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Papillon.</i>	-	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Farley
<i>John,</i>	-	Mr. Willmott.	Mr. Huckel
<i>James,</i>	-	Mr. Turnour.	Mr. West/
<i>Walter,</i>	-	Mr. Randall.	Mr. Serjeant.
	.		
<i>Miss Grantam,</i>	-	Mrs. Orger.	Miss E. Bolton.
<i>Miss Godfrey,</i>	-	Miss Smithson.	Miss Bolton.
<i>Kitty,</i>	-	Mrs. Harlowe.	Miss Leserve.

THE LIAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Lodging.*

Enter YOUNG WILDING *and* PAPILLION, *REBUCK.*

Young W. And I am now, Papillion, perfectly equipped !

Pap. Personne mieux. Nobody better.

Young W. My figure ?

• *Pap.* Fait a peindre.

Young W. My air ?

Pap. Libre.

Young W. My address ?

Pap. Parisienne.

Young W. My hat sits easily under my arm, not like the draggled tail of my tattered academical habit.

Pap. Ah ! bien autre chose.

Young W. Why, then, adieu, Alma Mater, bien venue, la ville de Londre ; farewell to the schools, and welcome the theatres ; presidents, proctors, short commons with long graces, must now give place to plays, bagnios, long tavern-bills with no graces at all.

• *Pap.* Ah, bravo, bravo !

Young W. How long have you left Paris, Papillion !

Pap. Twelve, dirteen year.

Young W. I can't compliment you upon your progress in English.

Pap. The accent is difficile.

Young W. But here you are at home.

Pap. C'est vrai.

Young W. No stranger to fashionable places.

Pap. O, faite !

Young W. Acquainted with the fashionable figures of both sexes.

Pap. Sans doute.

Young W. Well, then, open your lecture; and, d'ye hear, Papillon, as you have the honour to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet to the important charge of a private tutor, let us discard all distance between us. See me ready to slake my thirst at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo.

Pap. Here then I disclose my Helicon to my poetical pupil.

Young W. Hey, Papillon !

Pap. Sir ?

Young W. What is this ?—why you speak English ?

Pap. Without doubt.

Young W. But like a native ?

Pap. To be sure.

Young W. And what am I to conclude from all this ?

Pap. But, to be better understood, I believe it will be necessary to give you a short sketch of the principal incidents of my life.

Young W. Pr'ythee do.

Pap. Why then you are to know, sir, that my former situation has been rather above my present condition, having once sustained the dignity of sub-preceptor to one of those cheap rural academies with which our county of York is so plentifully stocked.

Young W. Why this disguise ?—why renounce your country ?

Pap. There, sir, you make a little mistake ; it was my country that renounced me.

Young W. Explain.

Pap. In an instant :—upon quitting the school, and first coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the *Monthly Review*.

Young W. What, an author too ?

Pap. Oh, a voluminous one. The whole region of the

belles lettres fell under my inspection ; physic, divinity, and the mathematics, my mistress managed herself. There, sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out censure and damnation at pleasure. In obedience to the caprice and commands of my master, I have condemned books I never read ; and applauded the fidelity of a translation, without understanding one syllable of the original. But it would not answer. Notwithstanding what we say, people will judge for themselves ; our work hung upon hand, and all I could get from the publisher was four shillings a-week and my small beer. Poor pittance !

Young W. Poor, indeed.

Pap. Oh, half-starved me.

Young W. What was your next change ?

Pap. I was mightily puzzled to choose, when chance threw an old friend in my way, that quite retrieved my affairs.

Young W. Pray, who might he be ?

Pap. A little bit of a Swiss genius, who had been French usher with me at the same school in the country. I opened my melancholy story to him over threepenny-worth of beef a-la-mode, in a cellar in St. Ann's. My little foreign friend pursed up his lanthorn jaws, and, with a shrug of contempt ' Ah, maitre Jean, vous n'avez pas la politique ; you have no finesse ;—to thrive here, you must study the folly of your own country.' " How, monsieur ? " " Taisez vous ; keep your tongue. Autrefois I teach you speak French, now teach-a you to forget English. Go vid me to my lodgment, I vil give you proper dress ; den go present yourself to de same hotels, de very same house, you will find all doors dat was shut in your face as footman Anglois, vil open demselves to a French valet-de-chambre."

Young W. Well, Papillion ?

Pap. Gad, sir, I thought it was but an honest artifice, I determined to follow my friend's advice.

Young W. Did it succeed ?

Pap. Better than expectation. My tawny face, boucquet, and broken English, was a passe partout. Beside when I am out of place, this disguise procures me many resources.

Young W. As how ?

Pap. Why, at a pinch, sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friseur, a dentist, or a dancing-master; these, sir, are hereditary professions to Frenchmen. But now, sir, to the point:—as you were pleased to be so candid with me, I was determined to have no reserve with you. You have studied books, I have studied men; you want advice, and I have some at your service.

Young W. Well, I'll be your customer.—But let us sally. Where do we open?

Pap. Let us see—one o'clock—it is a fine day; the Mall will be crowded.

Young W. Allons.

Pap. But I would, sir, crave a moment's audience, upon a subject that may prove very material to you.

Young W. Proceed.

Pap. You will pardon my presumption; but you have, my good master, one little foible that I could wish you to correct.

Young W. What is it?

Pap. And yet it is a pity, too; you do it so very well.

Young W. Pr'ythee be plain.

Pap. You have, sir, a lively imagination, with a most happy turn for invention.

Young W. Well.

Pap. But now and then, in your narratives, you are hurried, by a flow of spirits, to border upon the improbable, a little given to the marvellous.

Young W. I understand you; what, I am somewhat subject to lying?

Pap. Oh, pardon me, sir, I don't say that; no, no, only a little apt to embellish, that's all. To be sure it is a fine gift, that there is no disputing; but men in general are so stupid, so rigorously attached to matter of fact—and yet this talent of yours is the very soul and spirit of poetry; and why it should not be the same in prose, I can't for my life determine.

Young W. You would advise me, then, not to be quite so poetical in prose?

Pap. Ay, sir, if you would descend a little to the grovelling comprehension of the million, I think it would be as well.

Young W. I believe you are right. But we shall be late. If ye hear me, Papillon, if at any time you find me too poetical, give me a hint; your advice sha'n't be thrown away.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Park.*

Enter MISS GRANTAM, MISS GODFREY, and JOHN, R.H.

Miss Gr. John, let the chariot go round to Spring-gardens. My dear Miss Godfrey, what trouble I have had to get you out!—why, child, you are as tedious as a long mourning. Do you know, now, that of all places of public rendezvous I honour the Park? forty thousand million of times preferable to the playhouse! Don't you think so my dear?

Miss God. They are both well in their way.

Miss Gr. Way! why the purpose of both is the same, to meet company, is'n't it? What, d'ye think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees? ha, ha! well, that is well enough. But, O Gemim! I beg a million of pardons. You are a prude, and have no relish for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herself in public.

Miss God. Liberties in public!

Miss Gr. Yes, child, such as encoring a song at an opera, interrupting a play in a critical scene of distress, hallooing to a pretty fellow cross the Mall, as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know, now, my dear, that by a lucky stroke in dress, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gazed at and followed by as great a crowd, on a Sunday, as if I was the Tripoli ambassador.

Miss God. The good fortune, ma'am! Surely the wish of every decent woman is to be unnoticed in public.

Miss Gr. Decent! oh, my dear queer creature, what a phrase have you found out for a woman of fashion! Decency is, child, a mere bourgeois, plebeian quality, and fit only for those who pay court to the world, and not for us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you must enlarge your ideas: you are a fine girl, and we must not have you

lost ; I'll undertake you myself. But, as I was saying—
Pray, my dear, what was I saying ?

Miss God. I profess I don't recollect.

Miss Gr. Hey !—Oh, ah, the Park. One great reason for my loving the Park is, that one has so many opportunities of creating connections.

Miss God. Ma'am.

Miss Gr. Nay, don't look grave. Why, do you know that all my male friendships are formed in this place ?

Miss God. It is an odd spot : but you must pardon me if I doubt the possibility.

Miss Gr. Oh, I will convince you in a moment ; for here seems to be coming a good smart figure that I don't recollect. I will throw out a lure. (*Drops her handkerchief.*)

Miss God. Nay, for heaven's sake.

Miss Gr. I am determined, child : that is—

Miss God. You will excuse my withdrawing.

Miss Gr. Oh, please yourself, my dear.

[*Exit, Miss Godfrey, R.H.*]

Enter YOUNG WILDING with PAPILLION, R.H.U.E.

Young W. Your ladyship's handkerchief, ma'am.

Miss Gr. I am, sir, concerned at the trouble—

Young W. A most happy incident for me, madam ; as chance has given me an honour in one lucky minute, that the most diligent attention has not been able to procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

Miss Gr. Is this meant to me, sir ?

Young W. To whom else, madam ? Surely you must have marked my respectful assiduity, my uninterrupted attendance ; to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottas, I have pursued you like your shadow ; I have besieged your door for a glimpse of your exit and entrance, like a distressed creditor, who has no arms against privilege but perseverance.

Pap. So, now he is in for it ; stop him who can. (*Aside*)

Young W. In short, madam, ever since I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded the live-long night, your ladyship's portal, as a centinel the powder magazine in a fortified city.

Pap. Quitted America ! well pulled. (*Aside.*)

Miss Gr. You have serviced in America then?

Young W. Full four years, ma'am; and during that whole time, not a single action of consequence, but I had an opportunity to signalize myself; and I think I may, without vanity affirm, I did not miss the occasion. You have heard of Quebec, I presume?

Pap. What the deuce is he driving at now? (*Aside.*)

Young W. The project to surprize that place was thought a happy expedient, and the first mounting the breach a gallant exploit. There, indeed, the whole army did me justice.

Miss G. I have heard the honour of that conquest attributed to another name.

Young W. The mere taking the town, ma'am. But that's a trifle: sieges now-a-days are reduced to certainties; it is amazing how minntely exact we, who know the business, are at calculation; for instance now, we will suppose the commander-in-chief, addressing himself to me, was to say, "Colonel, I want to reduce that fortress; what will be the expence?" "Why, please your highness, the reduction of that fortress will cost you one thousand and two lives, sixty-nine legs, ditto arms, fourscore fractures, with about twenty dozen of flesh wounds."

Miss Gr. And you shall be near the mark?

Young W. To an odd joint, ma'am. But, madam, it is not to the French people alone that my feats are confined: Cherookees, Catabaws, with all the Aws and Ees of the continent, have felt the force of my arms.

Pap. This is too much, sir.

Young W. Hands off! Nor am I less adroit at a treaty, madam, than terrible in battle.

Miss Gr. And so young!

Young W. This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whose prisoner he had been for nine years. He gives a most entertaining account of their laws and customs: he shall present you with the wampum belt, and a scalping-knife. Will you permit him, madam, just to give you a taste of the military dance, with a short specimen of their warhoop.

Pap. For heaven's sake!

Miss Gr. The place is too public.

Young W. In short, madam, after having gathered as many laurels abroad as would garnish a Gothic cathedral at Christmas, I returned to reap the harvest of the well-fought field. Here it was my good fortune to encounter you. then was the victor vanquished, what the enemy could never accomplish, your eyes in an instant achieved; prouder to serve here than commander-in-chief elsewhere; and more glorious in wearing your chains, than in triumphing over the vanquished world.

Miss Gr. I have got here a most heroical lover—but I see Sir James Elliot coming, and must dismiss him.—(*Aside.*)—Well, sir, I accept the tender of your passion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance; at present it is necessary we should separate. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Young W. "Slave to your will, I live but to obey you." But may I be indulged with the knowledge of your residence.

Miss Gr. Sir?

Young W. Your place of abode.

Miss Gr. Oh, sir, you can't want to be acquainted with that; you have a whole year stoud centinel at my ladyship's portal.

Young W. Madam, I—I—I—

Miss Gr. Oh, sir, your servant. Ha, ha, ha! What, you are caught! Ha, ha, ha! Well, he has a most intrepid assurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit, R.H.*]

Pap. That last was an unlucky question, sir.

Young W. A little mal-a-propos I must confess.

Pap. A man should have a good memory who deals much in this poetical prose.

Young W. Poh! I'll soon re-establish my credit. But I must know who this girl is: hark ye, Papillon, could not you contrive to pump out of her footman—I see there he stands—the name of his mistress?

Pap. I will try. [*Exit, R.H.*]

(*Widding retires to the back of the stage.*)

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOTT, and WILLIAM, L.H.

Sir J. Music and an entertainment?

Wil. Yes, sir.

Sir J. Last night, upon the water?

Wil. Upon the water, last night.

Sir J. Who gave it?

Wil. That, sir, I can't say.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter PAPILLION, R.H.

Young W. (Coming forward.) Sir James Elliot, your most devoted

Sir J. Ah, my dear Wilding! you are welcome to town.

Young W. You will pardon my impatience; I interrupted you; you seemed upon an interesting subject

Sir J. Oh, an affair of gallantry.

Young W. Of what kind?

Sir J. A young lady regaled last night by her lover, on the Thames.

Young W. As how?

Sir J. A band of music in boats.

Young W. Were they good performers?

Sir J. The best. Then conducted to Marble-hall, where she found a magnificent collation.

Young W. Well ordered!

Sir J. With elegance. After supper a ball; and to conclude the night, a fire-work.

Young W. Was the last well designed?

Sir J. Superb.

Young W. And happily executed?

Sir J. Not a single faux pas.

Young W. And you don't know who gave it?

Sir J. I can't even guess.

Young W. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. Why do you laugh?

Young W. Ha, ha, ha! It was me.

Sir J. You!

Pap. You, sir!

Young W. Moi—me.

Pap. So, so, so; he is entered again.

Sir J. Why, you are fortunate, to find a mistress in so short a space of time.

Young W. Short! why, man, I have been in London these six weeks

Pap. O lord, O lord ! (Aside.)

Young W. It is not true, not daring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventured out but at nights. But since the story is got abroad, I will, my dear friend, treat you with all the particulars.

Sir J. I shall hear it with pleasure.—This is a lucky adventure : but he must not know he is my rival. (Aside.)

Young W. Why, sir, between six and seven my goddess embarked at the Temple stairs, in one of the companies barges, gilt and hung with damask, expressly for the occasion !

Pap. Mercy on us ! (Aside.)

Young W. At the cabin-door she was accosted by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her some compliments in verse of my own composing : the conceits were pretty ; allusions to Venus and the sea—the lady and the Thames—no great matter ; but, however, well-timed, and what was better, well taken.

Sir J. Doubtless.

Pap. At what a rate he runs ! (Aside.)

Young W. As soon as we had gained the centre of the river, two boats full of trumpets, French horns, and other martial music, struck up their sprightly strains from the Surrey side, which were echoed by a suitable number of lutes, flutes, and hautboys from the opposite shore. In this state, the oars keeping time, we majestically sailed along, till the arches of the New Bridge gave a pause, and an opportunity for an elegant desart in Dresden china, by Robinson.—Here the repast closed, with a few favourite airs from Eliza, Tenducci, and the Mattei.

Pap. Mercy on us !

Young W. Opposite Lambeth I had prepared a naval engagement, in which Boscawen's victory over the French was repeated : the action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition, and not a single incident omitted.

Sir J. Surely you exaggerate a little.

Pap. Yes, yes, this battle will sink him. (Aside.)

Young W. True to the letter, upon my honour, I sha'n't trouble you with a repetition of our collation, ball, feu d'artifice with the thousand little incidental amusements that

chance or design produced ; it is enough to know, that all that could flatter the senses, fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produced in a lavish abundance.

Sir J. The sacrifice was, I presume, grateful to your deity.

Young W. Upon that subject you must pardon my silence.

Pap. Modest creature ! (*Aside.*)

Sir J. I wish you joy of your success.—For the present you will excuse me.

Young W. Nay, but stay and hear the conclusion.

Sir J. For that I shall seize another occasion. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Pap. Nobly performed, sir.

Young W. Yes, I think happily hit off.

Pap. May I take the liberty to offer one question ?

Young W. Freely.

Pap. Pray, sir, are you often visited with these waking dreams ?

Young W. Dreams ! what dost mean by dreams ?

Pap. These ornamental reveries, these frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deemed absolute flams.

Young W. Why, Papillon, you have but a poor, narrow, circumscribed genius.

Pap. I must own, sir, I have not sublimity sufficient to relish the full fire of your Pindaric muse.

Young W. No ; a plebeian soul ! But I will animate thy clay ; mark my example, follow my steps, and in time thou mayest rival thy master.

Pap. Never, never, sir, I have no talents to fight battles without blows, and give feasts that don't cost me a farthing. Besides, sir, to what purpose are all these embellishments ? Why tell the lady you have been in London a year ?

Young W. The better to plead the length, and consequently the strength of my passion.

Pap. But why, sir, a soldier ?

Young W. How little thou knowest of the sex ! What, I suppose thou wouldest have me attack them in mood and figure, by a pedantic, classical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the schools. What, dost think that women are to be got like degrees ?

Pap. Nay, sir—

Young W. No, no; the man of war is their man: they must be taken like towns, by lines of approach, counter-scarps, angles, trenches, cohorns, and covert-ways; then enter sword in hand, pell-mell! oh, how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swappinback, Count Rousomousky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marshal Fusunburgh! Men may say what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller, but I'll undertake to do more business by the single aid of the London Gazette, than by all the sighing, dying, crying crotchets, that the whole race of rhymers have ever produced.

Pap. Very well, sir—this is all very lively; but remember the travelling pitcher: if you don't one time or other, under favour, lie yourself into some confounded scrape, I will be content to be hanged.

Young W. Do you think so, Papillion?—And whenever that happens, if I don't lie myself out of it again, why then I will be content to be crucified. And so, along after the lady.—(*Stops short, going out.*)—Zounds, here comes my father! I must fly. Watch him, Papillion, and bring me word to the Cardigan [*Exeunt Wild. 1.H. Pap. R.H.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Tavern.*

YOUNG WILDING and PAPIILLION rising from table.

Young W. Gad, I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

Pap. It is pretty near the same thing; for I saw him join Sir James Elliot; so your arrival is no longer a secret.

Young W. Well then I must lose my pleasure, and you your preferment; I must submit to the dull decency of a sober family, and you to the customary duties of brushing

and powdering. But I was so fluttered at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair ; pr'ythee who is she ?

Pap. There were two.

Young W. That I saw ?

Pap. From her footman I learnt her name was Godfrey.

Young W. And her fortune ?

Pap. Immense.

Young W. Single, I hope ?

Pap. Certainly.

Young W. Then will I have her.

Pap. What, whether she will or no ?

Young W. Yes.

Pap. How will you manage that ?

Young W. By making it impossible for her to marry any one else.

Pap. I don't understand you, sir.

Young W. Oh, I shall only have recourse to that talent you so mightily admire. You will see, by the circulation of a few anecdotes, how soon I will get rid of my rivals.

Pap. At the expense of the lady's reputation, perhaps

Young W. That will be as it happens.

Pap. And have you no qualms, sir ?

Young W. Why, where's the injury ?

Pap. No injury to ruin her fame !

Young W. I will restore it to her again.

Pap. How ?

Young W. Turn tinker and mend it myself.

Pap. Which way ?

Young W. The old way ; solder it by marriage ; that, you know, is the modern salve for every sore.

Enter WAITER, L.H.

Wait. An elderly gentleman to inquire for Mr. Wilding.

Young W. For me ! what sort of a being is it ?

Wait. Being, sir !

Young W. Ay ; how is he drest ?

Wait. In a tye-wig and snuff-coloured coat.

Pap. Zooks, sir, it is your father.

Young W. Shew him up.

[Exit Waiter, L.H.]

Pap. And what must I do ?

Young W. Recover your broken English, but preserve your rank; I have a reason for it.

Enter WILDING, L.H.

Wild. Your servant, sir; you are welcome to town.

Young W. You have just prevented me, sir; I was preparing to pay my duty to you.

Wild. If you thought it a duty, you should, I think, have sooner discharged it.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. Was it quite so decent, Jack, to be six weeks in town, and conceal yourself only from me?

Young W. Six weeks! I have scarcely been six hours.

Wild. Come, come, I am better informed.

Young W. Indeed, sir, you are imposed upon. This gentleman, (who first give me leave to have the honour of introducing to you,) this, sir, is the Marquis de Chateau Briant, of an ancient house in Brittany; who, travelling through England, chose to make Oxford for some time the place of his residence where I had the happiness of his acquaintance.

Wild. Does he speak English.

Young W. Not fluently, but understands it perfectly.

Pap. Pray, sir,—

Wild. Any services, sir, that I can render you here you may readily command.

Pap. Beaucoup d'honneur.

Young W. This gentleman, I say, sir, whose quality and country are sufficient securities for his veracity, will assure you that yesterday we left Oxford together.

Wild. Indeed!

Pap. C'est vrai.

Wild. This is amazing, I was, at the same time, informed of another circumstance too, that, I confess, made me a little uneasy, as it interfered with a favourite scheme of my own.

Young W. What could that be, pray, sir?

Wild. That you had conceived a violent affection for a fair lady.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. And had given her very gallant and very expensive proofs of your passion.

Young W. Me, sir!

Wild. Particularly last night; music, collations, balls, and fire-works.

Young W. Monsieur le Marquis!—And pray, sir, who could tell you all this?

Wild. An old friend of yours.

Young W. His name, if you please.

Wild. Sir James Elliot.

Young W. Yes; I thought he was the man.

Wild. Your reason.

Young W. Why, sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is, upon the whole, a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

Wild. What may that be?

Young W. Why you can't, sir, be a stranger to his prodigious skill in the traveller's talent.

Wild. How!

Young W. Oh, notorious to a proverb.—His friends, who are tender of his fame, gloss over his foible, by calling him an agreeable novelist; and so he is, with a vengeance. Why, he will tell you more lies in an hour, than all the circulating libraries, put together, will publish in a year.

Wild. Indeed!

Young W. Oh, he is the modern Mandeville; at Oxford he was always distinguished by the facetious appellation of the Bouncer.

Wild. Amazing!

Young W. Lord, sir, he is so well understood in his own country, that at the last Hereford assize, a cause as clear as the sun, was absolutely thrown away by his being merely mentioned as a witness.

Wild. A strange turn.

Young W. Unaccountable. But there I think they went a little too far; for if it had come to an oath, I don't think he would have bounced neither; but in common occurrences there is no repeating after him. Indeed, my great reason for dropping him was, that my credit began to be a little suspected too.

Pap. Poor gentleman!

Wild. Why, I never heard this of him.

Young W. That may be; but can there be a stronger proof of his practice than the flam he has been telling you, of fire-works, and the lord knows what. And I dare swear, sir, he was very fluent and florid in his description.

Wild. Extremely.

Young W. Yes, that is just his way; and not a syllable of truth from the beginning to the ending, marquis?

Pap. Oh, that is all a fiction upon mine honour.

Wild. Clearly. I really can't help pitying the poor man. I have heard of people, who, by long habit, become a kind of constitutional liars.

Young W. Your observation is just; that is exactly his case.

Pap. I'm sure it is your's.

Wild. Well, sir, I suppose we shall see you this evening?

Young W. The marquis has an appointment with some of his countrymen, which I have promised to attend: besides, sir, as he is an entire stranger in town, he may want my little services.

Wild. Where can I see you in about an hour? I have a short visit to make, in which you are deeply concerned.

Young W. I shall attend your commands; but where?

Wild. Why here. Marquis, I am your obedient servant.

Pap. Votre serviteur tres humble. [*Exit Wild* L.H.]

Young W. So, Papillion; that difficulty is dispatched. I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

Pap. Most ingeniously managed: but are not you afraid of the consequence?

Young W. I do not comprehend you.

Pap. A future explanation between the parties.

Young W. That may embarrass: but the day is distant. I warrant I will bring myself off.

Pap. It is in vain for me to advise.

Young W. Why, to say truth, I do begin to find my system attended with danger: give me your hand, Papillion—I will reform.

Pap. Ah, sir!

Young W. I positively will: why this practice may in time destroy my credit.

Pap. That is pretty well done already.—(*Aside.*)—Ay, think of that, sir.

Young W. Well, if I don't turn out the meekest dull matter of fact fellow—But, Papillion, I must scribble a billet to my new flame. I think her name is—

Pap. Godfrey; her father was an Indian governor, and left her all his wealth: she lives near Miss Grantam, by Grosvenor Square.

Young W. A governor!—oh ho!—Bushels of rupees, and pecks of pagodas, I reckon.—Well, I long to be rumaging.—But the old gentleman will soon return: I will hasten to finish my letter.—But, Papillion, what could my father mean by a visit in which I am deeply concerned?

Pap. I can't guess.

Young W. I shall know presently.—To Miss Godfrey, formerly of Calcutta, now residing in Grosvenor Square.—Papillion, I won't tell her a word of a lie.

Pap. You won't, sir?

Young W. No; it would be ungenerous to deceive a lady. No; I will be open, candid, and sincere.

Pap. And if you are, it will be the first time.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

*SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Miss Grantam's House.*

Enter MISS GRANTAM and MISS GODFREY, R.H.

Miss G. And you really like this gallant spark?

Miss Gr. Prodigiously. Oh, I'm quite in love with his assurance! I wonder who he is: he can't have been long in town, a young fellow of his easy impudence must have soon made his way to the best of company.

Miss G. By way of amusement he may prove no disagreeable acquaintance; but you can't, surely, have any serious designs upon him.

Miss Gr. Indeed but I have.

• *Miss G.* And poor Sir James Elliot is to be discarded at once?

Miss Gr. Oh, no.

Miss G. What is your intention in regard to him?

Miss Gr. Hey?—I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

Miss G. Thou art a strange giddy girl.

Miss Gr. Quite the reverse; a perfect pattern of prudence: why, would you have me less careful of my person than my purse?

Miss G. My dear!

Miss Gr. Why I say, child, my fortune being in money, I have some in India bonds, some in the bank, some on this loan, some on the other; so that if one fund fails, I have a sure resource in the rest.

Miss G. Very true.

Miss Gr. Well, my dear, just so I manage my love affairs: if I should not like this man—if he should not like me—if we should quarrel—if, if—or in short, if any of the ifs should happen, which you know break engagements every day, why by this means I shall never be at a loss.

Enter JOHN, L.H.

John. A letter to you, madam.—(To *Miss Godfrey*.)—Sir James Elliot to wait on your ladyship.—(To *Miss Grantam*.) [Exit, L.H.]

Miss Gr. Lord, I hope he won't stay long here. He comes, and seems entirely wrapt up in the dismal: what can be the matter now?

Miss G. You'll excuse me?

[Exit, R.H.]

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT, L.H.

Sir J. In passing by your door, I took the liberty, ma'am, of inquiring after your health.

Miss Gr. Very obliging. I hope, sir, you received a favourable account.

Sir J. I did not know but you might have caught cold last night.

Miss Gr. Cold! why, sir, I hope I did not sleep with my bed-chamber window open.

Sir J. Ma'am!

Miss Gr. Sir!

Sir J. No, ma'am; but it was rather hazardous to stay so the water.

Gr. Upon the water!

Sir J. Not but the variety of amusements, it must be owned, were a sufficient temptation.

Miss Gr. What can he be driving at now !

Sir J. And pray, madam, what think you of young Wilding? is not he a gay, agreeable, sprightly—

Miss Gr. I never give my opinion of people I don't know.

Sir J. You don't know him !

Miss Gr. No.

Sir J. And his father I did not meet at your door !

Miss Gr. Most likely you did.

Sir J. I am glad you own that, however: but, for the son, you never—

Miss Gr. Set eyes upon him.

Sir J. Really ?

Miss Gr. Really.

Sir J. Finely supported. Now, madam, do you know that one of us is just going to make a very ridiculous figure ?

Miss Gr. Sir, I never had the least doubt of your talents for excelling in that way.

Sir J. Ma'am, you do me honour ; but it does not happen to fall to my lot upon this occasion, however.

Miss Gr. And that is a wonder !—What, then I am to be the fool of the comedy, I suppose.

Sir J. Admirably rallied ! but I shall dash the spirit of that triumphant laugh.

Miss Gr. I dare the attack. Come on, sir.

Sir J. Know then, and blush, if you are not as lost to shame as dead to decency, that I am no stranger to all last night's transactions.

Miss Gr. Indeed !

Sir J. From your first entering the barge at the Temple, to your last landing at Whitehall.

Miss Gr. Surprising !

Sir J. Cupids, collations, feasts, fire-works, all have reached me.

Miss Gr. Why you deal in magic.

Sir J. My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

Miss Gr. May I be indulged with the name of your informer.

Sir J. Freely, madam. Only the very individual spark to whose folly you were indebted for this gallant profusion.

Miss Gr. But his name?

Sir J. Young Wilding.

Miss Gr. You had this story from him?

Sir J. I had,

Miss Gr. From Wilding!—That is amazing.

Sir J. Oh ho! what you are confounded at last; and no evasion, no subterfuge, no—

Miss Gr. Lookye, Sir James; what you can mean by this strange story, and very extraordinary behaviour, it is impossible for me to conceive; but if it is meant as an artifice to palliate your infidelity to me, less pains would have answered your purpose.

Sir J. Oh, madam, I know you are provided.

Miss Gr. Matchless insolence! as you can't expect that I should be prodigiously pleased with the subject of this visit, you won't be surprized at my wishing it as short as possible.

Sir J. I don't wonder you feel pain at my presence; but you may rest secure you will have no interruption from me; and I really think it would be pity to part two people so exactly formed for each other. Your ladyship's servant.—
(*Going.*)—But, madam, though your sex secures you from any farther resentment, yet the present object of your favour may have something to fear. [Exit, L.H.]

Miss Gr. Very well. To what a pretty condition I must have been reduced if my hopes had rested upon one lover.

[Exit, R.H.]

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter WILDING, YOUNG WILDING, and PAPILLION, R.H.

Wild. There, marquis, you must pardon me; for though Paris be more compact, yet surely London covers a much greater quantity—Oh, Jack, look at that corner house: how d'ye like it? (*Looking L.H.*)

Young W. Very well; but I don't see any thing extraordinary.

Wild. I wish, though, you were the master of what it contains.

Young W. What may that be, sir?

Wild. The mistress, you rogue you; a fine girl, and an

immense fortune; ay, and a prudent sensible wench into the bargain.

Young W. Time enough yet, sir.

Wild. I don't see that: you are, lad, the last of our race, and I should be glad to see some probability of its continuance.

Young W. Suppose, sir, you were to repeat your endeavours; you have cordially my consent.

Wild. No; rather too late in life for that experiment.

Young W. Why, sir, would you recommend a condition to me, that you disapprove of yourself?

Wild. Why, sirrah, I have done my duty to the public and my family, by producing you. Now, sir, it is incumbent on you to discharge your debt.

Young W. In the college cant, I shall beg leave to tuck a little longer.

Wild. Why, then, to be serious, son, this is the very business I wanted to talk with you about. In a word, I wish you married; and, by providing the lady of that mansion for the purpose, I have proved myself both a father and a friend.

Young W. Far be it from me to question your care; yet some preparation for so important a change—

Wild. Oh, I will allow you a week.

Young W. A little more knowledge of the world.

Wild. That you may study at leisure.

Young W. Now all Europe is in arms, my design was to serve my country abroad.

Wild. You will be full as useful to it by recruiting her subjects at home.

Young W. You are then resolved?

Wild. Fixed.

Young W. Positively?

Wild. Peremptorily.

Young W. No prayers—

Wild. Can move me.

Young W. How the deuce shall I get out of this toil?—
(*Aside.*)—But suppose, sir, there should be an unsurmountable objection?

Wild. Oh, leave the reconciling that to me: I am an excellent casuist.

Young W. But I say, sir, if it should be impossible to obey your commands?

Wild. Impossible!—I don't understand you.

Young W. Oh, Sir!—But on my knees first let me crave your pardon. (*Kneels.*)

Wild. Pardon! for what?

Young W. I fear I have lost all title to your future favour.

Wild. Which way?

Young W. I have done a deed—

Wild. Let's hear it.

Young W. At Abingdon, in the county of Berks.

Wild. Well?

Young W. I am—

Wild. What?

Young W. Already married.

Wild. Married!

Pap. Married!

Young W. Married.

Wild. And without my consent?

Young W. Compelled; fatally forced. Oh, sir, did you but know all the circumstances of my sad, sad story, your rage would soon convert itself to pity.

Wild. What an unlucky event!—But rise, and let me hear it all.

Young W. (*Rising.*) The shame and confusion I now feel renders that task at present impossible; I must therefore rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Pap. Me, sir! I never heard one word of the matter.

Wild. Come, marquis, favour me with the particulars.

Pap. Upon my word, sire, this affair has so shock me, that I am almost as incapable to tell the tale as your son.—(*To Young Wilding.*)—Dry-a your tears. What can I say, sir?

Young W. Any thing.—Oh!— (*Seems to weep.*)

Pap. You see, sire.

Wild. Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family calls for the most grateful acknowledgment.

Pap. This is great misfortune, sans doute.

Wild. But if you, a stranger, are thus affected, what must a father feel?

Pap. Oh, beaucoup; a great deal more.

But since the evil is without a remedy, let us know the worst at once. Well, sir, at Abingdon?

Pap. Yes, at Abingdon.

Wild. In the county of Berks?

Pap. Dat is right, in the county of Berks.

Young W. Oh, oh!

Wild. Ah, Jack, Jack! are all my hopes then—Though I dread to ask, yet it must be known; who is the girl, pray, sir?

Pap. De girl, sir—(*Aside to Young Wilding*)—Who shall I say?

Young W. Any body.

Pap. For de girl, I can't say, upon my vard.

Wild. Her condition?

Pap. Pas grande condition; dat is to be sure. But dere is no help—(*Aside to Young Wilding*)—Sir, I am quite a-ground.

Wild. Yes, I read my shame in his reserve: some artful hussey.

Pap. Dat may be. Vat you call hussey?

Wild. Or perhaps some common creature. But I'm prepared to hear the worst.

Pap. Have you no mercy?

Young W. I'll step to your relief, sir.

Pap. O lord, a happy deliverance.

Young W. Though it is almost death for me to speak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of the lady suffer by my silence. She is, sir, of an ancient house and unblemished character.

Wild. That is something.

Young W. And though her fortune may not be equal to the warm wishes of a fond father, yet—

Wild. Her name?

Young W. Miss Lydia Sybthorpe.

Wild. Sybthorpe—I never heard of the name.—But proceed.

Young W. The latter end of last long vacation, I went with Sir James Elliot to pass a few days at a new purchase of his, near Abingdon. There, at an assembly, it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

Wild. Is she handsome?

Young W. Oh, sir, more beautiful—

Wild. Nay, no raptures; but go on.

Young W. But to her beauty she adds politeness, affability, and discretion; unless she forfeited that character by fixing her affection on me.

Wild. Modestly observed.

Young W. I was deterred from a public declaration of my passion, dreading the scantiness of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews she permitted.

Wild. Was that so decent?—But love and prudence, madness and reason

Young W. One fatal evening, the twentieth of September, if I mistake not, we were in a retired room innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expected to sup abroad, came suddenly upon us. I had just time to conceal myself in a closet.

Wild. What, unobserved by him?

Young W. Entirely. But, as my ill stars would have it, a cat, of whom my wife is vastly fond, had a few days before lodged a litter of kittens in the same place: I unhappily trod upon one of the brood; which so provoked the implacable mother, that she flew at me with the fury of a tiger.

Pap. I shall hate a cat as long as I live.

Young W. The noise roused the old gentleman's attention: he opened the door, and there discovered your son.

Pap. Unlucky.

Young W. I rushed to the door; but fatally my foot slipped at the top of the stairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom. The pistol in my hand went off by accident: this alarmed her three brothers in the parlour, who, with all their servants, rushed with united force upon me.

Wild. And so surprized you!

Young W. No, sir; with my sword I for some time made a gallant defence, and should have inevitably escaped; but a raw-boned, over-grown clumsy cook-wench struck at my sword with a kitchen-poker, broke it in two, and compelled me to surrender at discretion, the consequence of which is obvious enough.

Wild. Natural. The lady's reputation, your condition,

her beauty, your love, all combined to make marriage an unavoidable measure.

Young W. May I hope, then, you rather think me unfortunate than culpable?

Wild. Why, your situation is a sufficient excuse; all I blame you for is, your keeping it a secret from me. With Miss Grantam, I shall make an awkward figure; but the best apology is the truth; I'll hasten and explain it to her all—Oh, Jack, Jack, this is a mortifying business!

Young W. Most melancholy. [*Exit Wilding, L.H.*]

Pap. I am amazed, sir, that you have so carefully concealed this transaction from me.

Young W. Heyday! what, do you believe it too?

Pap. Believe it! why, is not the story of the marriage true?

Young W. Not a syllable.

Pap. And the cat, and the pistol, and the poker?

Young W. All invention.—And were you really taken in!

Pap. Lord, sir, how was it possible to avoid it?—Mercy on us! what a collection of circumstances have you crowded together!

Young W. Genius: the mere effects of genius, Papillion. But to deceive you, who so thoroughly know me!

Pap. But to prevent that for the future, could you not just give your humble servant a hint when you are bent upon bouncing? Besides, sir, if you recollect your fixed resolution to reform—

Young W. Ay, as to matter of fancy, the mere sport and frolic of invention: but in case of necessity—why, Miss Godfrey was at stake, and I was forced to use all my finesse.

Enter WILLIAM, R.H. and JOHN, L.H.

Both Ser. A letter, sir. [*Exit, R.H. and L.H.*]

Pap. There are two things in my conscience my master will never want;—a prompt lie, and a ready excuse for telling of it.

Young W. Hum! business begins to thicken upon us: a challenge from Sir James Elliot, and a rendezvous from the pretty Miss Godfrey. They shall both be observed, but in

their order; therefore the lady first. Let me see—I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a mistress, and a wife; now, if I can but get engaged in a chancery suit, I shall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Papillion, we have no time to be idle.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room, with Table, Pen, Ink, Paper, and two Chairs.*

Enter JOHN, conducting in WILDING, L.H.

John. My lady, sir, will be at home immediately; Sir James Elliot is in the next room waiting her return.

Wild. Pray, honest friend, will you tell Sir James that I beg the favour of a word with him?—(*Exit John*, R.H.)—This unthinking boy! Half the purpose of my life has been to plan this scheme for his happiness, and in one heedless hour has he mangled all.

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT, R.H.

Sir, I ask your pardon; but upon so interesting a subject, I know you will excuse my intrusion. Pray, sir, of what credit is the family of the Sybthorpes in Berkshire?

Sir J. Sir!

Wild. I don't mean as to property; that I am not so solicitous about; but as to their character. Do they live in reputation? Are they respected in the neighbourhood?

Sir J. The family of the Sybthorpes!

Wild. Of the Sybthorpes.

Sir J. Really I don't know, sir.

Wild. Not know!

Sir J. No; it is the very first time I ever heard of the name.

Wild. How steadily he denies it! Well done, baronet! find Jack's account was a just one.—(*Aside.*)—Pray, Sir James, recollect yourself.

Sir J. It will be to no purpose.

Wild. Come, sir, your motive for this affected ignorance

is a generous but unnecessary proof of your friendship for my son; but I know the whole affair.

Sir J. What affair?

Wild. Jack's marriage.

Sir J. What Jack?

Wild. My son Jack.

Sir J. Is he married?

Wild. Is he married! why, you know he is.

Sir J. Not I, upon my honour.

Wild. Nay, that is going a little too far; but to remove all your scruples at once, he has owned it himself.

Sir J. He has!

Wild. Ay, ay, to me. Every circumstance: going to your new purchase at Abingdon—meeting Lydia Sybthorpe at the assembly—their private interviews—surprised by the father—pistol—poker—and marriage; in short, every particular.

Sir J. And this account you had from your son?

Wild. From Jack; not two hours ago.

Sir J. I wish you joy, sir.

Wild. Not much of that, I believe.

Sir J. Why, sir, does the marriage displease you?

Wild. Doubtless.

Sir J. Then I fancy you may make yourself easy.

Wild. Why so?

Sir J. You have got, sir, the most prudent daughter-in-law in the British dominions.

Wild. I am happy to hear it.

Sir J. For though she mayn't have brought you much, I'm sure she'll not cost you a farthing.

Wild. Ay; exactly Jack's account.

Sir J. She'll be easily jointured.

Wild. Justice shall be done her.

Sir J. No provision necessary for younger children.

Wild. No, sir! why not?—I can tell you, if she answers your account, not the daughter of a duke—

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Wild. You are very merry, sir.

Sir J. What an unaccountable fellow.

Wild. Sir!

Sir J. I beg your pardon, sir. But with regard to this marriage—

Wild. Well, sir!

Sir J. I take the whole history to be neither more nor less than an absolute fable.

Wild. How, sir?

Sir J. Even so.

Wild. Why, sir, do you think my son would dare to impose upon me?

Sir J. Sir, he would dare to impose upon any body. Don't I know him?

Wild. What do you know?

Sir J. I know, sir, that his narratives gain him more applause than credit; and that, whether from constitution or habit, there is no believing a syllable he says.

Wild. Oh, mighty well, sir!—He wants to turn the tables upon Jack.—But it wont do; you are forestalled; your novels wont pass upon me.

Sir J. Sir!

Wild. Nor is the character of my son to be blasted with the breath of a bouncer.

Sir J. What is this?

Wild. No, no, Mr. Mandeville, it wont do; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

Sir J. Mr. Wilding, but that I am sure this extravagant behaviour owes its rise to some impudent impositions of your son, your age would scarce prove your protection.

Wild. Nor, sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honour, should he want a protector in this arm, withered and impotent as you may think it.

Enter Miss GRANTAM, L.H.

Miss Gr. Bless me, gentlemen, what is the meaning of this?

Sir J. No more at present, sir; I have another demand upon your son; we'll settle the whole together.

Wild. I am sure he will do you justice.

Miss Gr. How, Sir James Elliot! I flattered myself that you had finished your visits here, sir. Must I be the eternal object of your outrage? not only insulted in my own person, but in that of my friends! Pray, sir, what right—

sion brought me here : I come, madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer allied to you, my son unfortunately being married already.

Miss Gr. Married !

Sir J. Yes, madam, to a lady in the clouds ; and because I have refused to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behaved in a manner very inconsistent with his usual politeness.

Wild. Sir, I thought this affair was to be reserved for another occasion ; but you, it seems—

Miss Gr. Oh, 'is that the business !—Why, I begin to be afraid that we are here a little in the wrong, Mr. Wilding.

Wild. Madam !

Miss Gr. Your son has just confirmed Sir James Elliot's opinion, at a conference under Miss Godfrey's window.

Wild. Is it possible ?

Miss Gr. Most true ; and assigned two most whimsical motives for the unaccountable tale.

Wild. What can they be ?

Miss Gr. An aversion for me, whom he has seen but once ; and an affection for Miss Godfrey, whom I am almost sure he never saw in his life.

Wild. You amaze me.

Miss Gr. Indeed, Mr. Wilding, your son is a most extraordinary youth ; he has finely perplexed us all. I think, Sir James, you have a small obligation to him.

Sir J. Which I shall take care to acknowledge the first opportunity.

Wild. You have my consent. An abandoned profligate ! Was his father a proper subject for his—But I discard him.

Miss Gr. Nay, now, gentlemen, you are rather too warm : I can't think Mr. Wilding bad-hearted. This is a levity.—

Wild. How, madam, a levity !

Miss Gr. Take my word for it, no more ; inflamed into habit by the approbation of his juvenile friends. Will you submit his punishment to me ? I think I have the means in my hands, both to satisfy your resentments, and accomplish his cure into the bargain.

Sir J. I have no quarrel to him, but for the ill offices he has done me with you.

Miss Gr. D'ye hear, Mr. Wilding? I am afraid my union with Sir James must cement the general peace.

Wild. Madam, I submit to any—

Enter JOHN, L.H.

John. Mr. Wilding to wait upon you, madam. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Miss Gr. He is punctual, I find. Come, good folks, you all act under my direction.—You sir, will get from your son, by what means you may think fit, the real truth of the Abingdon business.—I intend to produce another performer, who will want a little instruction.—Come, Sir James. Nay, no ceremony; we must be as busy as bees. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

Wild. This strange boy!—But I must command my temper.

Enter YOUNG WILDING, L.H.

Young W. (*Speaking as he enters, L.H.*)—People to speak with me! See what they want Papillion.—My father here!—that's unlucky enough.

Wild. Ha, Jack, what brings you here?

Young W. Why, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miss Grantam, in order to make her some apology for the late unfortunate—

Wild. Well, now, that is prudently as well as politely done.

Young W. I am happy to meet, sir, with your approbation.

Wild. I have been thinking, Jack, about my daughter-in-law: as the affair is public, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. Would it not be right to send for her home?

Young W. Doubtless, sir.

Wild. I think so. Why, then, to-morrow my chariot shall fetch her.

Young W. The devil it shall!—(*Aside.*)—Not quite so, if you please, sir.

Wild. No! why not?

Young W. The journey may be dangerous in her present condition.

Wild. What's the matter with her?

Young W. She is big with child, sir.

Wild. An audacious—Big with child!—that is fortunate. But, however, an easy carriage and short stages can't hurt her.

Young W. Pardon me, sir, I dare not trust her: she is six months gone.

Wild. Nay, then, there may be danger indeed. But should not I write to her father, just to let him know that you have discovered the secret?

Young W. By all means, sir; it will make him extremely happy.

Wild. Why, then, I will instantly about it. Pray, how do you direct to him?

Young W. Abingdon, Berkshire.

Wild. True; but his address?

Young W. You need not trouble yourself, sir: I shall write by this post to my wife, and will send your letter inclosed.

Wild. Ay, ay, that will do. (Going.)

Young W. So, I have parried that thrust.

Wild. Though, upon second thoughts, Jack, that will rather look too familiar for an introductory letter.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. And these country gentlemen are full of punctilios—No, I'll send him a letter apart; so give me his direction.

Young W. You have it, sir.

Wild. Ay, but his name: I have been so hurried that I have entirely forgot it.

Young W. I am sure so have I.—(Aside.)—His name—his name, sir—Hopkins.

Wild. Hopkins!

Young W. Yes, sir.

Wild. That is not the same name that you gave me before; that, if I recollect, was either Sythorpe, or Sybthorpe.

Young W. You are right, sir; that is his paternal appellation, but the name of Hopkins he took for an estate of his mother's; so he is indiscriminately called Hopkins or Sybthorpe; and now I recollect I have his letter in my pocket—he signs himself Sybthorpe Hopkins.

Wild. There is no end of this; I must stop him at once. Harkye, sir, I think you are called my son.

Young W. I hope sir, you have no reason to doubt it.

Wild. And look upon yourself as a gentleman?

Young W. In having the honour of descending from you.

Wild. And that you think a sufficient pretension?

Young W. Sir—pray, sir—

Wild. And by what means do you imagine your ancestors obtained that distinguishing title? by their pre-eminence in virtue, I suppose.

Young W. Doubtless, sir.

Wild. And has it never occurred to you, that what was gained by honour might be lost by infamy?

Young W. Perfectly, sir.

Wild. Are you to learn what redress even the imputation of a lie demands, and that nothing less than the life of the adversary can extinguish the affront.

Young W. Doubtless, sir.

Wild. Then how dare you call yourself a gentleman? you, whose whole life has been one continued scene of fraud and falsity! Not satisfied with violating the great bond of society, mutual confidence, the most sacred rights of nature must be invaded, and your father made the innocent instrument to circulate your abominable impositions!

Young W. But, sir!

Wild. Within this hour my life was nearly sacrificed in defence of your fame; but perhaps that was your intention, and the story of your marriage merely calculated to send me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

Young W. For heaven's sake, sir.

Wild. What other motive?

Young W. But hear me, sir, I own the Abirgdon business—

Wild. An absolute fiction?

Young W. I do.

Wild. And how dare you—

Young W. I crave but a moment's audience.

Wild. Go on.

Young W. Previous to the communication of your intention for me, I accidentally met with a lady whose charms—

Wild. So! what here is another marriage trumped up— Well, sir, and this charming lady, residing, I suppose, in Nubibus—

Young W. No, sir; in London.

Wild. Indeed.

Young W. Nay, more, and at this instant in this house.

Wild. And her name—

Young W. Godfrey.

Wild. The friend of Miss Grantam?

Young W. The very same, sir.

Wild. Have you spoke to her?

Young W. Parted from her not ten minutes ago, nay, and here by her appointment.

Wild. Has she favoured your address?

Young W. Time, sir, and your approbation, will, I hope.

Wild. Lookye, sir; as there is some little probability in this story, I shall think it worth farther inquiry. If I discover the least falsehood, the least duplicity, remember you have lost a father.

Young W. I shall submit without a murmur.

[*Exit Wilding, R.H.*]

Enter PAPILLION, L.H.

Well, Papillion.

Pap. Sir, here has been the devil to pay within.

Young W. What's the matter?

Pap. A whole legion of cooks, confectioners, musicians, waiters, and watermen.

Young W. What do they want?

Pap. You, sir.

Young W. Me!

Pap. You, sir; they have brought in their bills.

Young W. Bills! for what?

Pap. For the entertainment you gave last night upon the water.

Young W. That I gave!

Pap. Yes, sir; you remember the bill of fare; but however I have dispatched them to your lodgings, with a promise that you shall immediately meet them.

Young W. Oh, there we shall soon rid our hands of the troop.—Now, Papillion, I have news for you. My father has got to the bottom of the whole Abingdon business.

Pap. The deuce!

Young W. We parted this moment. Such a scene!

Pap. And what was the issue?

Young W. Happy beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promise to plead my cause with the fair.

Pap. With Miss Godfrey?

Young W. Who else? he is now with her in another room.

Pap. And there is no—you understand me—in all this?

Young W. No, no; that is all over now—my reformation is fixed.

Pap. As a weathercock.

Young W. Here comes my father.

Enter WILDING and Miss GODFREY, R.H.

Wild. If, madam, he has not the highest sense of the great honour you do him, I shall cease to regard him.—There, sir, make your own acknowledgments to that lady.

Young W. Sir!

Wild. This is more than you merit; but let your future behaviour testify your gratitude.

Young W. Papillion! Madam! Sir!

Wild. What, is the puppy petrified! Why don't you go up to the lady?

Young W. Up to the lady!—That lady?

Wild. That lady!—To be sure. What other lady?—To Miss Godfrey!

Young W. That lady Miss Godfrey!

Wild. What is all this?—Harkye, sir; I see what you are at; but no trifling; this instant your hand to the contract, or trouble at the consequence.

Young W. Sir, that I hope is—might not I—to be sure—

Wild. No further evasions! there, sir.

Young W. Heigh ho.

(*Signs it.*)

Wild. Very well. Now, madam, your name if you please.

Young W. Papillion, do you know who she is?

Pap. That's a question indeed! Don't you, sir?

Young W. Not I, as I hope to be saved.

Enter JOHN, L.H.

John. A young lady begs to speak with Mr. Wilding.

Young W. With me!

Miss G. A young lady with Mr. Wilding!

John. Seems distressed, madam, and extremely pressing for admittance.

Miss G. Indeed! There may be something in this! You must permit me, sir, to pause a little; who knows but a prior claim may prevent—

Wild. How, sir, who is this lady?

Young W. It is impossible for me to divine, sir.

Wild. You know nothing of her?

Young W. How should I?

Wild. You hear madam.

Miss G. I presume your son can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

Young W. Not in the least, madam.

Miss G. Show her in, John. [*Exit, L.H.*

Wild. No, madam, I don't think there is the least room for suspecting him; he can't be so abandoned as to—But she is here. Upon my word a sightly woman.

Enter KITTY, as Miss Sybthorpe, L.H.

Kitty. Where is he?—Oh, let me throw my arms—my life—my—

Young W. Hey-day!

Kitty. And could you leave me? and for so long a space? Think how the tedious time has lagged along.

Young W. Madam!

Kitty. But we are met at last, and now we will part no more.

Young W. The deuce we wont!

Kitty. What, not one kind look, no tender word to hail our second meeting!

Young W. What the devil is all this?

Kitty. Are all your oaths, your protestations, come to this!

Haze I deserved such treatment? Quitted my father's house, left all my friends, and wandered here alone in search of thee thou first, last, only object of my love.

Wild. To what can all this tend? Harkye, sir, unriddle this mystery.

Young W. It is beyond me, I confess. Some lunatic escaped from her keeper, I suppose.

Kitty. Am I disowned then, contemned, slighted?

Wild. Hold; let me inquire into this matter a little. Pray, madam—You seem to be pretty familiar here—Do you know this gentleman?

Kitty. Too well.

Wild. His name?

Kitty. Wilding.

Wild. So far she is right. Now yours, if you please.

Kitty. Wilding.

Omnes. Wilding!

Wild. And how came you by that name, pray?

Kitty. Most lawfully, sir: by the sacred band, the holy tie that made us one.

Wild. What, married to him!

Kitty. Most true.

Omnes. How!

Young W. Sir, may I never—

Wild. Peace, monster!—One question more; your maiden name?

Kitty. Sybthorpe.

Wild. Lydia, from Abingdon, in the county of Berks?

Kitty. The same.

Wild. As I suspected. So then the whole story is true, and the monster is married at last.

Young W. Me, sir! By all that's—

Wild. Eternal dumbness seize thee, measureless liar!

Young W. If not me, hear this gentleman—Marquis—

Pap. Not I; I'll be drawn into none of your scrapes: it is a pit of your own digging, and so get out as well as you can. Mean time I'll shift for myself. [Exit, L.H.]

Wild. What evasion now, monster?

Miss G. Deceivet!

Wild. Liar!

Miss G. Impostor!

Young W. Why, this is a general combination to distract me; but I will be heard. Sir, you are grossly imposed upon; the low contriver of this woman's shallow artifice I shall soon find means to discover; and as to you, madam, with whom I have been suddenly surprized into a contract, I most solemnly declare this is the first time I ever set eyes on you.

Wild. Amazing confidence! Did not I bring her at your request?

Young W. No.

Miss G. Is not this your own letter?

Young W. No.

Kitty. Am not I your wife?

Young W. No.

Wild. Did not you own it to me?

Young W. No.

Kitty. Hear me.

Young W. No?

Miss G. Answer me.

Young W. No.

Wild. Have not I—

Young W. No, no, no. Zounds, you are all mad, and if I stay I shall catch the infection. [Exit, L. H.]

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT and MISS GRANTAM, R. H.

Omnes. Ha ha, ha!

Miss Gr. Finely performed.

Wild. If his cure is completed, he will gratefully acknowledge the cause; if not, the punishment comes far short of his crimes. To the ladies, indeed, no character is so dangerous as that of a liar.

• *They in the fairest frames can fix a flaw,
And vanquish females whom they never saw.*

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain Falls

